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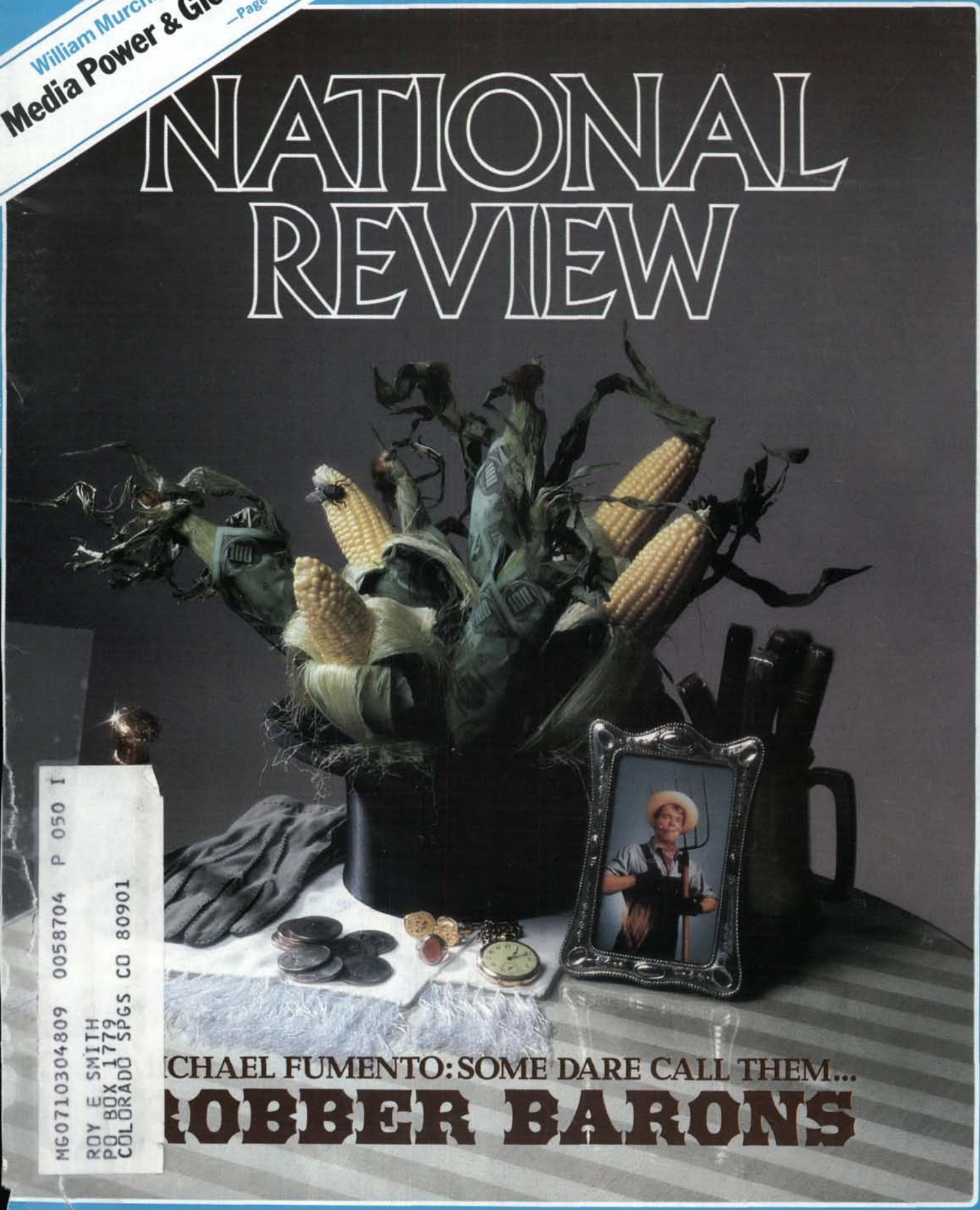
MARCH 13, 1987

William Murchison
Media Power & Glory
—Page 49

NATIONAL REVIEW



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ICHAEL FUMENTO: SOME DARE CALL THEM...

OBBER BARONS

11
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LAWRENCE UZZELL UNCOVERS THE DOE RIGHTS SCAM

JOHN McLAUGHLIN SCOPES OUT THE NEW CHIEF SPOOK

JOHN SIMON WASTES PLATOON

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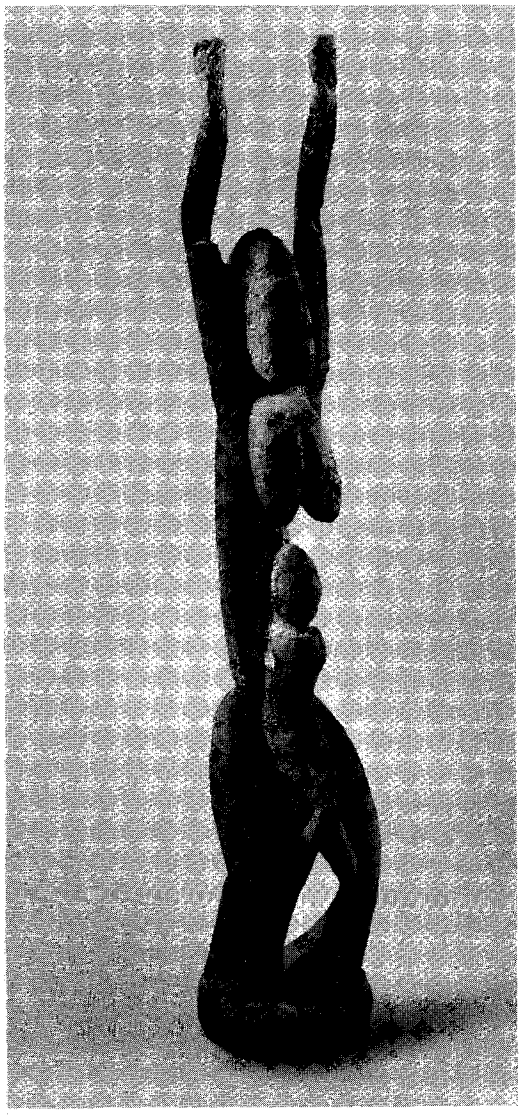
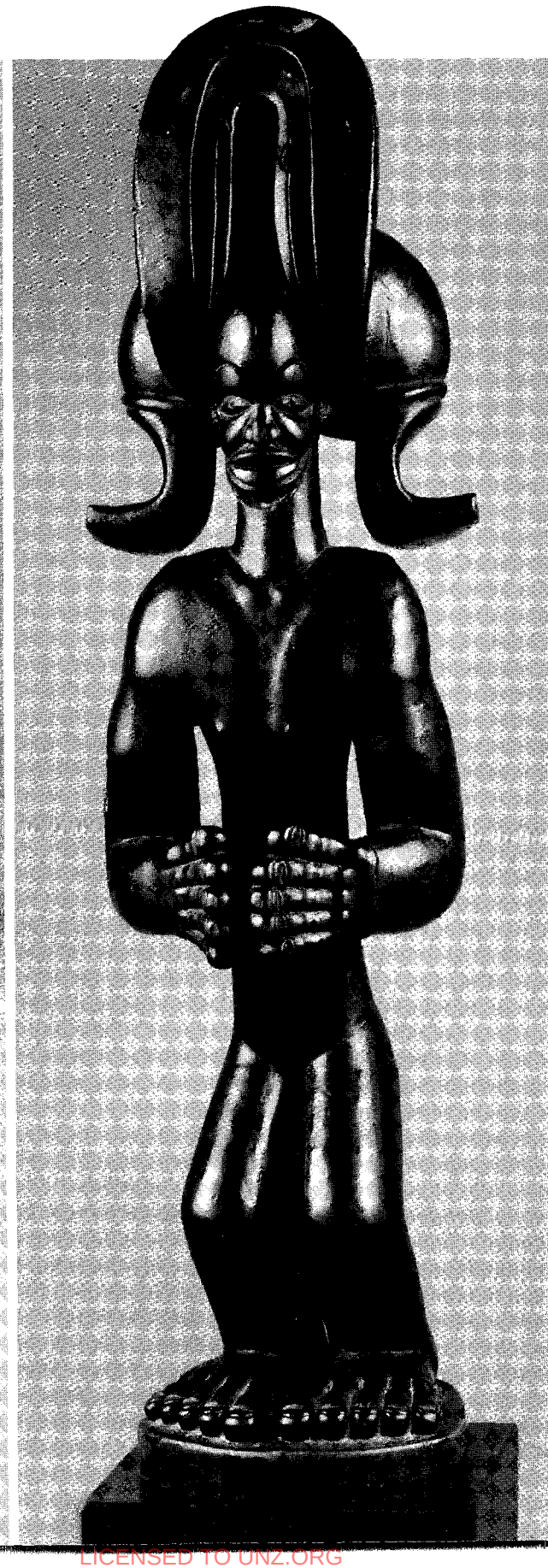
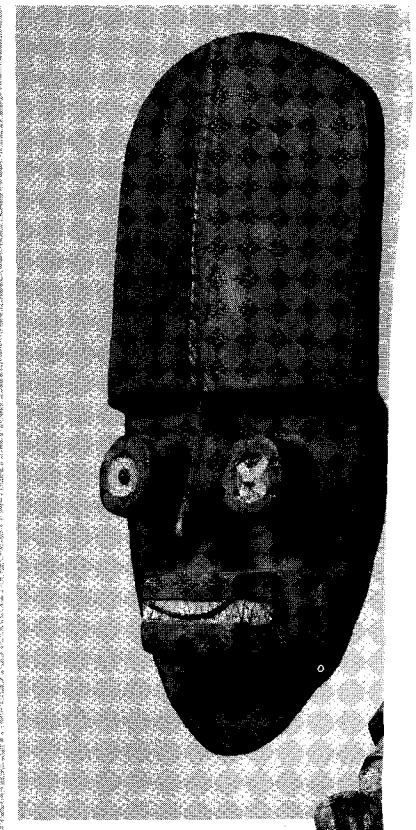
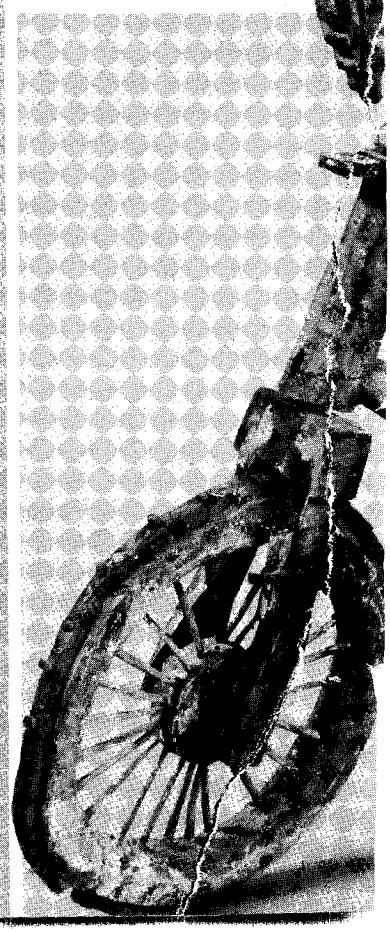
What are you









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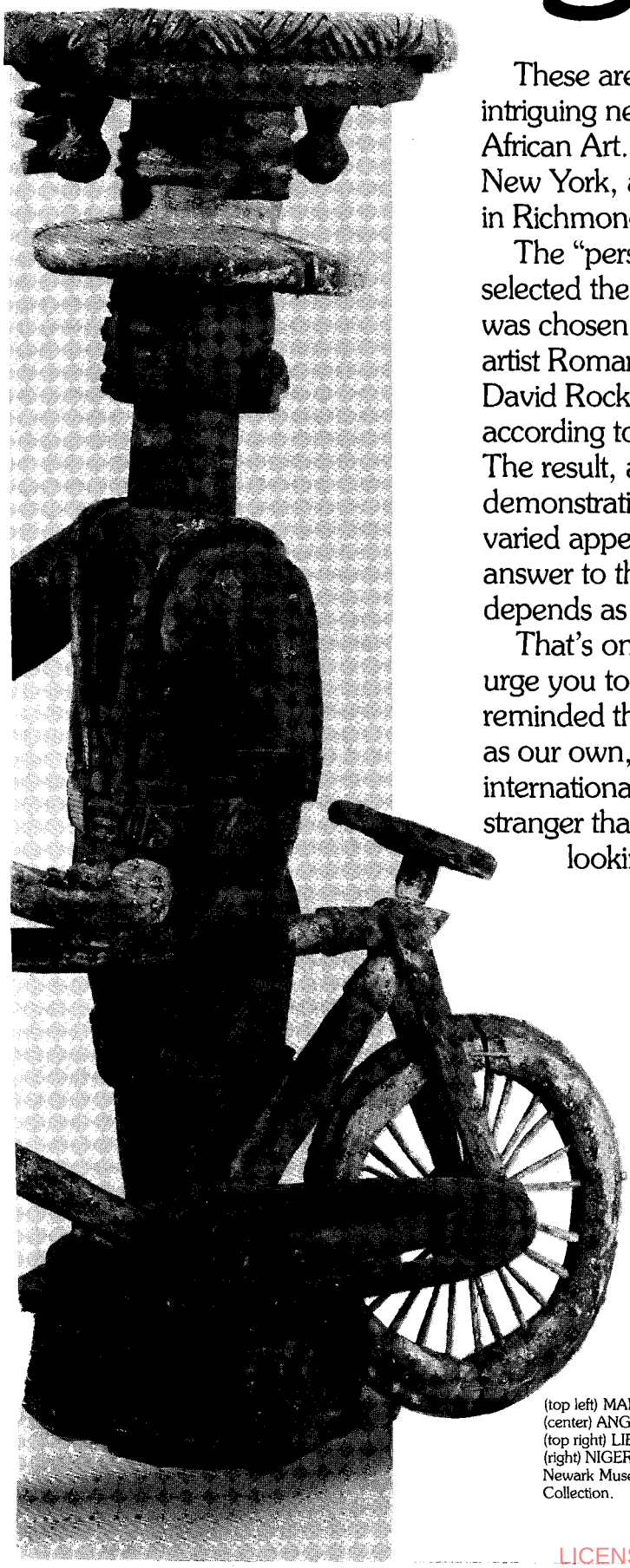
looking at?



These are just 5 of 100 fascinating pieces of African art in an intriguing new exhibition entitled "Perspectives: Angles on African Art." It was organized by The Center for African Art, New York, and premieres at the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts in Richmond from February 21 through April 26, 1987.

The "perspectives" are those of the different experts who selected the objects—the man with the bicycle, for instance, was chosen by writer James Baldwin, the mother and child by artist Romare Bearden, and the young girl's head by collector David Rockefeller. The experts (10 in all) selected objects according to their individual tastes, backgrounds and interests. The result, as you can see even in this small sample, is a demonstration of the many-sidedness of African art, of its varied appeals and multiple meanings. It shows us that the answer to the question "What are you looking at?" sometimes depends as much on *who* we are as on *what* we see.

That's one reason we sponsored this exhibition and why we urge you to see it. In our business as in yours, we need to be reminded that other perspectives, other sensibilities, are as valid as our own, and can enrich us. The diverse peoples our international businesses deal with around the world are no stranger than we are, and in some measure, what we are truly looking at, in people and in art, is ourselves.

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(top left) MALI, DOGON MOTHER AND CHILD, wood, height 18", Graham Collection New York. (center) ANGOLA, CHOKWE FIGURE OF WARRIOR HERO, wood, height 14⅝", Private Collection. (top right) LIBERIA, GREBO MASK, wood, paint, height 21", Collection of Mr. & Mrs. Saul Stanoff. (right) NIGERIA, YORUBA CLOTH VENDOR FIGURE, wood, paint, height 35¾", Collection of The Newark Museum. (bottom left) GABON, FANG RELIQUARY HEAD, wood, height 13¾", Private Collection.

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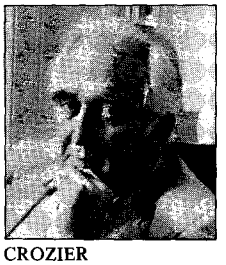
MARCH 13, 1987
VOL. XXXIX, NO. 4

NATIONAL REVIEW

FUMENTO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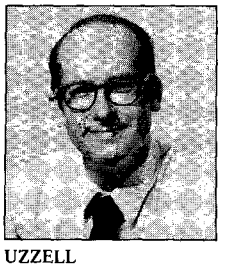
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Senators call it aid for beleaguered farmers, but in reality most agricultural subsidies flow into the hands of multimillionaire businessmen. A case in point: the gasohol subsidy. It's not a scandal, but it should be.
Michael Fumento

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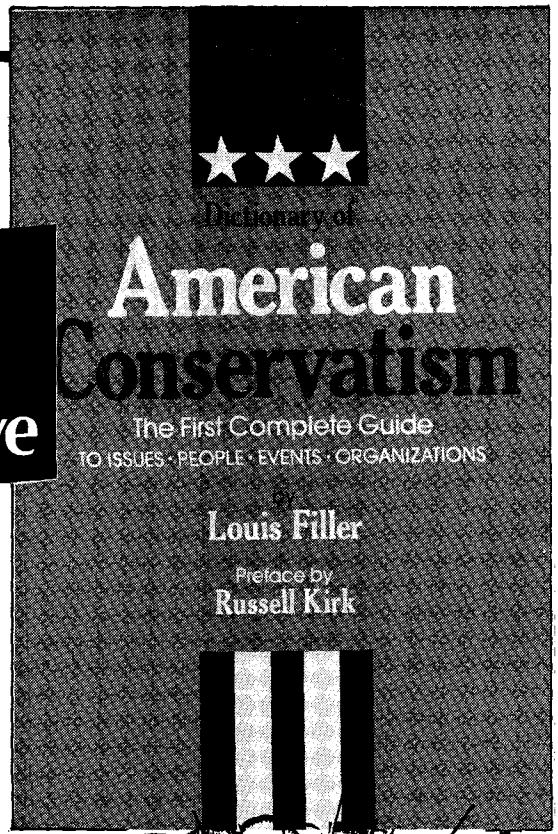

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LETTERS

Helping the Homeless

It was interesting to read the behind-the-scenes experience of people who take over city-owned abandoned buildings ("Scenes from the Squatting Life," by Peter Weber, Feb. 27). The plight of the homeless in our cities is truly deplorable, so are reports of families of six and seven persons living in a single room in a welfare hotel. People who are willing to assume the responsibility of salvaging these old apartment buildings should be encouraged by the local governments involved. This is not only a problem in New York City but in cities and towns across the nation. I only wish your writer had focused on the really needy rather than on the children of yuppies and Westchesterites who are tired of commuting.

The scenes in the photographs accompanying the article are all too familiar to those who travel through our decaying inner cities, but they added visual impact to the article.

Barbara Barna
Peekskill, N.Y.

The Age of I Told You

Professor Harry V. Jaffa cites me in a letter to *NR* correctly ["Letters," Feb. 13] when I stated that persons who acted contrary to the spirit of the Bible have to be blamed personally, but not the Bible. He then goes on to say that "In the age of the Ayatollah, or any other age, this would be the purest nonsense." I am glad to hear from the learned professor that the Ayatollah bases his faith on the Bible.

In our primitive European schools we are made to believe that Iranians are followers of the Koran. On the other hand, he mentions "our blessed American Revolution." I also know nothing about this event. I only know about an American War of Independence. (Might be that my teachers had a different notion of a revolution.) I am very grateful for this lesson.

Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn
Lans, Austria

Unfriendly Slap on the Black

"The GOP's Black Eye" ["Capital Bulletins," Jan. 30] quoted me accurately as saying that we Republicans "haven't recognized that we need black voters." Unfortunately, your readers may get the false impression that I was calling for the party to patronize blacks as another interest group and thus place more emphasis on "black issues."

My argument for not excluding and thus necessarily including black voters parallels the criticisms by many fellow conservatives of the issueless 1986 Republican campaign. Had Republicans focused on issues and principles, they would have attracted more black voters sheerly on the strength of blacks' support for many conservative positions. (Your Nov. 7, 1986, article on blacks and the GOP, "I Just Called to Say I Love You," by Henry Klingeman, indicated sources of mutual attraction.) But if those principled arguments are overshadowed by so-called "ballot integrity" programs, then blacks will tend to vote against Republicans.

Clarence Thomas
Chairman
Equal Employment Opportunity Commission
Washington, D.C.

Trick or Treaty?

I am quite surprised at an important omission from "Bouncer Bob" ["The Week," Jan. 30]. In it, you do not mention the fact that SALT II expired by its own terms on December 31, 1985. The article notes the fact that "57 senators . . . signed a letter urging President Reagan to abide by the terms of SALT II." These included a few Republicans who are said to have "joined the mob." Later, it is stated that "if the Democrats use SALT II as a pretext for defense cuts, the Republicans will simply bring the treaty up for a vote."

But there is no treaty of the import of SALT II that could now be brought up for a vote. The fact that the limitations expired on December 31, 1985, made it necessary that a new treaty be negotiated and ratified with all of the formalities required in both the Soviet Union and this country. Informal and, as far as I know, unwritten pledges to abide by its terms are not legally binding, and if the United States abides by its terms, it would involve purely unilateral action by this country without imposing any obligations on Russia.

President Reagan has charged Russia with introducing new weapons systems that carried it beyond the limitations

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Are Two Different Visions Tearing Our World Apart?

Thomas Sowell is at it again.

Over the last two decades he has taken on and demolished a mountain of myths in one area after another. Now he's turned in another blockbuster that breaks new ground with an originality of perspective and a boldness of style that will make everyone, left and right alike, sit up and take notice.

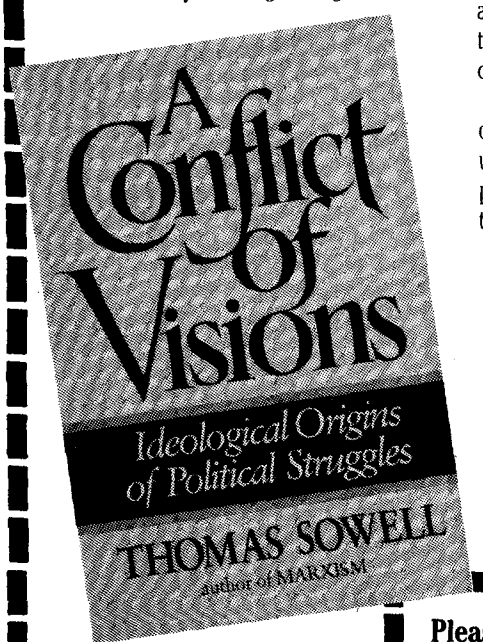
It's a book that will be hotly debated, examined, contested and turned inside-out. Because this time Sowell looks at political conflicts as they have raged for generations, and he has uncovered the remarkable fact that these conflicts have been dominated by two opposing visions that reflect radically different assumptions about the nature of man! On virtually every issue they line up on opposite sides, no matter how unrelated the issues. ***The very meaning of such words as "freedom," "equality," "rights" and "power" differs drastically from one vision to the next.***

So different are these two visions that often people from one camp cannot even understand what those from another are talking about. But that hasn't stopped them from threatening to tear apart societies and egging on the world to potential disaster.

Why? Because as Thomas Sowell points out, visions are powerful things. They underlie our ideologies and our political positions, and they may motivate us more than money, power or fame. People will kill for them and die for them. Indeed, *"We will do almost anything for our visions except think about them."*

The purpose of this book is to help us think about them.

- ***Why do concepts like "freedom," "equality," "rights," and "power" have such different meanings to different people?***
- ***Can these differences ever be resolved?***
- ***Why are failed visions in the natural sciences so much easier to abandon than in the social sciences?***
- ***What makes some people undergo radical conversions?***
- ***How does evidence influence vision?***
- ***Are visions stronger than self-interest?***
- ***How do those with one vision regard those with another?***



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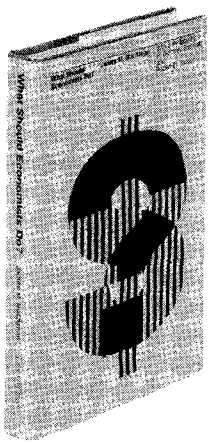

WHAT SHOULD ECONOMISTS DO?

By James M. Buchanan
Preface by H. Geoffrey Brennan and Robert D. Tollison

This 1979 Liberty Fund volume brings together sixteen essays by James M. Buchanan on the nature and methods of economists. Several are published here for the first time, including "Professor Alchian on Economic Method," "Natural and Artifactual Man," "Notes on the History and Direction of Public Choice," and "Public Choice and Ideology."

Professors Brennan and Tollison state in their preface, "As a founder of the burgeoning subdiscipline of public choice, as a moral and legal philosopher, as a welfare economist who has consistently...defended the primacy of the contractarian ethic, and as a public finance theorist..., Buchanan's work has had worldwide recognition..." As a measure of that recognition, Buchanan was awarded the 1986 Nobel Prize in Economics.

Dr. Buchanan is General Director of the Center for the Study of Public Choice and Harris University Professor at George Mason University. Among his other books are *The Limits of Liberty*, and, with Gordon Tullock, *The Calculus of Consent*.

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imposed by SALT II, a position that is hotly denied by Russia. This disagreement makes it most improbable that a new treaty containing comparable limitations could be negotiated.

I write to you because you, like many senators who joined in signing the letter that you deal with, overlook, or ignore, this fact.

Lee C. Bradley Jr.
Birmingham, Ala.

1965 B.D. (Before Donaldson)

While reading "Terry Dolan, RIP" ["The Week," Jan. 30] regarding negative campaigning, I was reminded of a television commercial that ran during the 1965 gubernatorial campaign in California. In this commercial Governor Edmund G. Brown was shown talking to several black children who were seated at his feet. The spot concluded with Governor Brown saying, ". . . and remember, it was an actor who shot Lincoln." The era of Ronald Wilson Reagan had begun!

Valerie Rintoul
Norwalk, Conn.

Don't Let Sleeping Bears Lie

In regard to "What the Soviets Think about Liberals," by Dinesh D'Souza [Jan. 30], I was quite surprised to find Mr. D'Souza taking the Soviets at their word. They may find liberals to be "useful idiots," but for reasons very different from the ones posited by Mr. D'Souza.

The Soviets do not want arms control. If there were a real agreement between the superpowers to cut back on their military capabilities, it would be much more difficult for the Soviets to keep their people in line. With the specter of American aggression hanging over them, the Soviet people keep their noses to the grindstone and keep turning out weapons. Without such a threat, the Soviet Union would need to be even more of a police state than it already is.

Elizabeth Cook
Norway, Me.

Revisionist Macmillan

Alistair Horne's laudatory comments about Harold Macmillan ["Macmillan Remembered," Jan. 30] are inappropriate in light of Nikolai Tolstoy's revelations of the central role that Mr. Macmillan played in what Tolstoy calls the "Klangenfurt conspiracy." In his new book, *The Minister and the Massacres* (Century Hutchinson, 1986), Tolstoy clearly demonstrates the key role that Macmillan played in the British decision in May 1945 to hand over, against their wishes, more than seventy thousand anti-Com-

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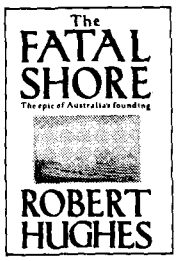

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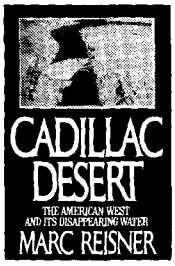

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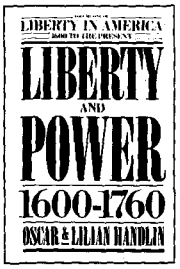

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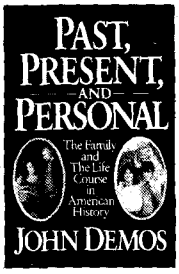

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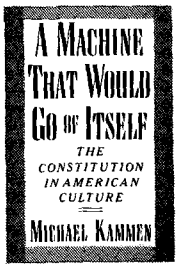

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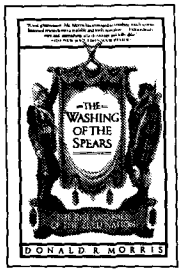

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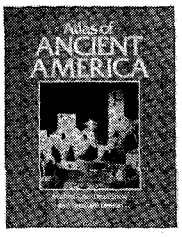

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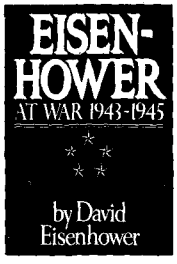

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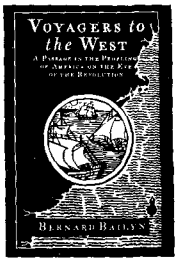

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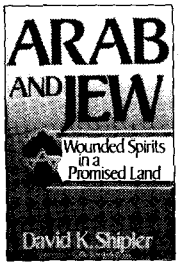

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munist White Russians, Cossacks, Serbians, Croats, and Slovenians (many of whom were women and children) to Tito and Stalin. These unfortunate people were treacherously tricked by the British and forced to return to their homeland, where most of them were slaughtered by the Communists. The details of this infamous episode initiated by Harold Macmillan are fully detailed and documented in Tolstoy's masterly book. Mr. Horne's laudatory praise of Mr. Macmillan in his article contemptuously mocks the memory of those who were betrayed by Harold Macmillan and the British.

Why your conservative and anti-Communist magazine should choose to extol and praise Harold Macmillan in light of these facts is simply incomprehensible.

Branko Popazivanov
Richmond, B.C., Canada

Sneer Job

If "everyone knows that . . . Washington . . . made of the Revolution a financial bonanza" ["Dr. King," "The Week," Feb. 13] then everyone has been taught seriously distorted facts.

George Washington shared the lack of supplies of his troops. At Valley Forge he ate the fare of his soldiers. When an aide, once and only once, brought in black-market meat, Washington was angered and refused to eat it. He accepted no pay for his services as commander-in-chief (and wore no medals); his charge account was covered in all instances by receipts.

After eight years in the field, actively leading the Revolutionary troops, he returned to a ruined Mount Vernon. He had not succeeded in reviving his fortune by the time he was unanimously chosen President, and he had to borrow a hundred dollars to pay his expenses for his journey to New York.

It's offensive to read erroneous sneers at a man who did not stoop to enrich himself. Eighteenth-century Americans knew Washington's integrity. Madison said that Washington's leadership of the new government was the only aspect of the new government that really appealed to the people. His integrity both in war and in peace gave America the years of honest, intelligent leadership that permitted an untried form of government—a democracy—to settle in.

I do challenge you to find me one source that even suggests Washington grew rich from the Revolution. (If you cite GW's bank account, then I want two sources.)

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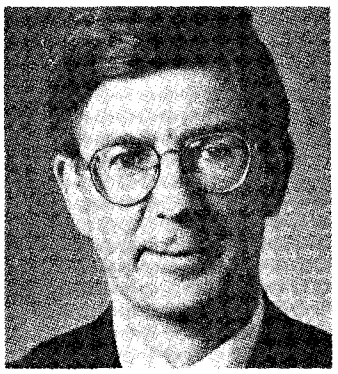

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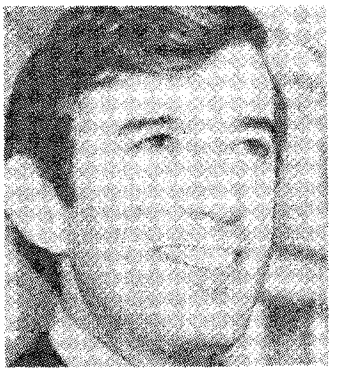

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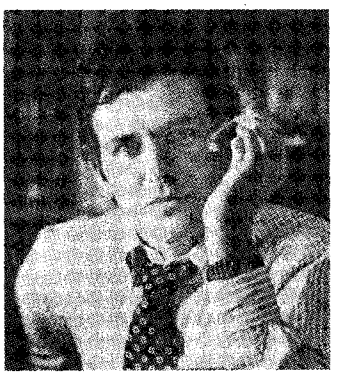

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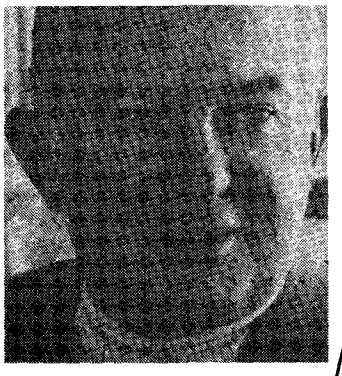

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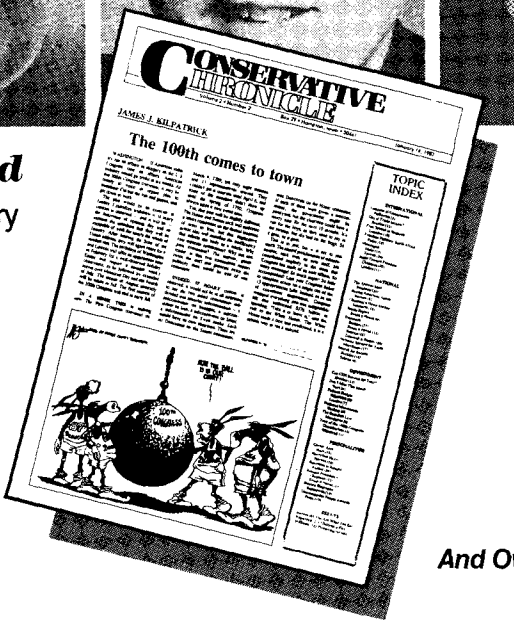

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FOR THE RECORD

AFL-CIO bigwigs came and went at Bal Harbour, Florida, last week and bestowed the union label on no one. Democratic hopeful Sen. **Joseph Biden** warmed the heart of **William Winpisinger** (Machinists), the leftist leader, but Biden is small potatoes at this point in presidential sweepstakes. **Mario Cuomo** and **Michael Dukakis**, governors of heavily unionized industrial Northeastern states, are not in the race yet, were not at Bal Harbour. **Gary Hart** made his pitch, but cranky words about labor from '84 campaign have hurt him with old-timers. . . . On New Hampshire Minus One (year), late polls show Hart handily ahead among Democrats (Hart 41, Dukakis 19, Cuomo 16, **Jackson** 4); while **George Bush** heads Republican list (Bush 40, **Dole** 14, **Baker** 9, **Kemp** 7). . . . Kemp's show was disappointing, but election of conservative **Ray Shamie** to head GOP in neighboring Massachusetts should help; Shamie's opponent was Bush man. . . . Kemp came up with some big party names in newly formed presidential steering committee, among them: Republican House Whip **Trent Lott** and conservative House activists **Vin Weber** and **Newt Gingrich**. . . . Aside from New Hampshire poll it was bad week for Bush. Re-evaluation of last summer's Michigan delegate votes now indicates that **Pat Robertson** did at least as well as Bush there. . . . Clarification: "For the Record" report (Feb. 13) that Bush would not pledge to deploy SDI if elected is disputed by Bush aides, who say that doesn't mean he *won't* deploy, only that he wants a free hand. . . . Funniest man on hustings continues to be Bob Dole. Sample to GOP state legislators in Olympia, Wash.: "I ran once before, in 1980, but it was a secret. We didn't tell anybody."

Presidential ins and outs: Former Gov. **Bruce Babbitt** of Arizona will announce March 10, much braced by $1 million his campaign chest received from recent $1,000-a-plate dinner in Phoenix. . . . **Lee Iacocca** took himself out of the race fortnight ago; last week political consultant **Terry O'Connell** disbanded Iacocca exploratory committee. . . . It looks as if Georgia's Sen. **Sam Nunn** will pass. Nunn has told *Atlanta Constitution* that he thinks "the chances are very much against" his forming an exploratory committee. . . . Both parties wooing Southland as evidenced by GOP choice of **New Orleans** for its convention (Aug. 15), Democratic choice of **Atlanta** (July 18). This is why: The 11 Deep South states control 138 electoral votes, more than half the 270 needed to elect; a majority of Southerners live in states with Republican governors. . . . Combine that with Super Tuesday Dixie primary right after New Hampshire and what you've got is pull to the right for Democratic candidates.

Breaking ranks on *Amerika*: *Washington Post* TV critic **Tom Shales**, who savaged *The Conservatives* a month back, picked a lot of faults in *Amerika*, but called it "a daring, grim voyage [that] tackles tough subjects like national morality and human rights in sometimes subtle and affecting ways."

Holland, *London Sunday Telegraph* / Rothco

"No, dear, golden handcuffs aren't for insider-trading suspects."

. . . *Amerika* got second, unexpected good review in trendy *New York* magazine by former *NY Times* book editor **John Leonard**, who describes his politics as "anarchist-pacifist-feminist left-wing wishy-washy." . . . The Communist *People's Daily World* praised Chrysler for its courage in withdrawing support from *Amerika*; published the 800 numbers of General Foods, and urged its readers to use them to complain about the ABC mini-series.

Jeane Kirkpatrick returned from Moscow and three-hour interview with **Mikhail Gorbachev**, concerned about lack of "new thinking" in international affairs. One problem: Gorbachev's lack of accurate information about the U.S. He thinks in stereotypes, she says, "the military industrial complex, munitions makers." . . . Fanfare: Gorbachev's new Soviet Union announces the end of jamming of BBC broadcasts. No fanfare: Soviet BBC jammers are transferred to intensify jamming of Radio Liberty. . . . . Why are Polish authorities so reluctant to license individuals to set up satellite discs? Because, says an official from the Ministry of Communications, "how would our roofs look if everyone installed their own antennas?" How many licenses have been issued? None. . . . Intelligence sources in Washington confirm that **Fidel Castro** has increased number of Cuban advisors in Nicaragua to help in accelerated war against the Contras.

On the Right: **Ernest Lefever**'s Ethics and Public Policy Center now working with representatives on 19 campuses across the country to sponsor and provide speakers, sell books to campus bookstores, contact faculty. Anyone interested in becoming a rep should contact **Lawrence Stratton Jr.** (1030 15th St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005). . . . Civilian Military Assistance (P.O. Box 22790, Memphis, Tenn. 38122) is collecting AM radios for the Contras to distribute in Nicaragua where people get nothing but **Danny Ortega**'s version of the news.

Historical Note now that the musical *Les Misérables* is sweeping the country. The novel was so popular during Civil War that one of **Robert E. Lee**'s regiments called itself "Lee's Miserables."

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Toward a more competitive America—I

Let's talk about productivity

In recent months, political leaders, academics and businessmen alike have increasingly discussed the issue of American competitiveness—the ability of the nation's industry and agriculture to compete successfully in world markets. The argument has been strident at times and reasoned at others, but whatever consensus has emerged centers on American productivity—seen in all quarters as the key to the ability to compete.

We welcome a discussion of how America can become more productive, and therefore more competitive. We intend to spell out our own views on the subject in the coming weeks. We will do so in the belief that the topic is so important that all affected segments of society—and that means virtually everybody—have the obligation to contribute to the debate.

What is productivity? It's the relationship of goods and services produced in the economy compared to the resources used to produce them. While this relationship can be measured by economists in several ways, output per labor hour is the measure used most widely. This doesn't necessarily mean the output per hour of a man picking tomatoes or a woman rolling cigars. Productivity is a function of the machinery workers use, and the technology that designs, maintains, and often operates the equipment. So increased productivity doesn't necessarily mean working harder, faster, or longer. More often, in a modern industrial economy, it means working smarter, with better tools. Productivity, in other words, stems from investment in plant, equipment, research, and people.

Increased productivity is absolutely crucial because, in the long run, it is the only way to raise real incomes, remain competitive—and keep inflation in check. Productivity is the key to an expanding economy—a bigger pie that can accommodate the needs of the poor and the disadvantaged.

Since economic expansion is crucial, we must note that the private business sector has been a fantastic engine of productivity and growth. Since 1980, almost 11 million new jobs have been created in the U.S. by the private sector.

This rise in employment is even more dramatic in view of the changing nature of the work force, and the growth in population. The percentage of working-age people counted in the labor force has grown from about 64 percent in 1980 to 65.3 percent last year. The work force today includes about three million people who, traditionally, were not among its ranks—mostly women, and, particularly, younger married women. Given these demographic changes, it is a genuine achievement that between 1980 and 1986 the unemployment level stayed roughly the same, somewhere above 7 percent.

We aren't saying that America is without its problems. Unemployment at seven percent is too high. The manufacturing sector has been weakened. American goods do have trouble competing against foreign products. The farm belt is a disaster area. Too many youthful members of minority groups remain unskilled and unemployed, meaning there's a massive educational task to be undertaken. Many face the prospects of a bleak old age.

Some, in the quest for a quick fix, are urging tariffs and import quotas to keep out foreign goods in an attempt to solve America's problems. But protectionism is no solution. Whenever it has been tried, it has brought retaliation, trade wars, and, ultimately, the loss of jobs. In a global economy, a trade war can have no winners, only losers.

The way for America to solve its problems is not to beggar its neighbors. A growing private business sector, in the long run, remains the best hope for genuine, lasting social progress. We stress the private sector, because government isn't the answer, either. In 1980, federal spending took 22.2 percent of the GNP; in '86 it gobbled up 23.8 percent. But bigger government hasn't made our problems go away. Instead, government spending has exacerbated the budget deficit, and made the problems worse.

Next: Savings = investment = productivity.

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THE WEEK

☐ It worked. Ratings for *Amerika* are going through the ceiling. CIA provocateurs, posing as pro-Soviet "liberals" and "civil libertarians," staged noisy protests against the ABC maxi-mini-series, garnering massive free publicity. They were joined by thousands of the usual willing dupes, who mistakenly assumed they were being duped again by Communists. The whole thing snowballed into a PR bonanza for the 14-hour consciousness-raiser. Let's hope the agency's role isn't sniffed out by the House Committee on Pro-American Activities.

☐ CBS reports that though the unemployment rate is down, many people aren't happy with the jobs they're getting. One of the problems with the modern world is that people confuse discontent with suffering, and think that government has "failed" as long as there's articulated discontent. Next we expect CBS to report that though nobody's starving, the food tastes lousy.

☐ What with the ads everywhere, our culture is adding a new dimension to the word "condominium." Everyone knows about condoms. They are highly visible in drugstores. What has happened is that the manufacturers are using the AIDS thing to move their merchandise front and center, and compete for markets with what advertisers call "marginal differentiation." As if homosexuals in New York and San Francisco had never heard of condoms. Come on. Someone's judgment is flying the Koop.

☐ ". . . providing further evidence of a slow economy." We interrupt our regular news programming to bring you the following special bulletin: The U.S. economy is entering its fifth year of recovery. Remember the 1982 recession? Inflation is lower than it has been in 25 years, and unemployment is at its lowest point since the Administration of President Misery Index. Interest rates have hit a ten-year low, and there isn't a forecast being circulated that doesn't call for growth through 1988. Democrats lambasted Reagan and the Republicans for the condition of the economy in 1982 and reaped the political reward in the House elections. Now, apart from the farm-country economic problems, liberals in Congress and the media haven't had much to say about the recovery but that it's "weak" or "sluggish." Why don't the Republicans counterpunch? A little bragging about the third longest recovery in the postwar period is in order.

☐ Last fall the Afghan Relief Committee ran an ad in the *Washington Post* highlighting the Soviet use of toy-shaped bombs that attract the attention of small children—and maim or kill them. The Soviet response is just in. According to *Izvestiya*, "It is impossible to imagine a Soviet worker who would bring himself to manufacture a booby-trapped doll, or a commander who would give the order to kill a child, or a soldier who would carry out such an order. Children are loved everywhere, but our country, which suffered much in the years of war and hardship, has a special feeling for children." Toy-bombs, the article concludes, are really made by the Afghan resistance who kill their own children for propaganda purposes.

☐ Did Prime Minister Lester Pearson of the Canadian Liberal Party know that diplomat Herbert Norman was a Communist spy, recruited at Cambridge, and did Pearson cover for Norman? Almost thirty years ago, Norman committed suicide in Cairo by defenestration shortly before he was to be interrogated, another "victim of McCarthyism." However, aware of recently published evidence, Tory MP Alex Kindy officially demanded answers to specific questions about Norman and the Pearson administration. After long delay, obliged to reply, the Conservative government answered: "The government wishes neither to confirm nor deny the facts or allegations

Homily for the Day

Though things that creep and crawl can send
A grown man screaming 'round the bend,
  It's also true
That being fiscally unsound,
As Louis ultimately found,
  Is lethal, too.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY is going native. The Senate takeover last fall plus the weakened Presidency has lessened the party's inclination to conservative me-tooism—a relaxation reflected in a speech much noted here by Texas Commissioner of Agriculture Jim Hightower, who addressed top party leaders in Austin in late January. Hightower urged the party—get this—to steer clear of the center, stay true to its liberal roots, and shun the temptation to nominate a moderate in 1988. "They say we've got to get moderate, nominate someone who . . . espouses strong conservatism with just a little dash of compassion thrown in," scoffed Hightower. "They've described a liberal Republican basically, sort of a George Bush with chest hair."

Although the speech prompted many exhortations by true believers who urged the commissioner to spread the authentic ideology, Washington's establishment Democrats are jittery. "Rank-and-file Democrats are inclined to move left," says a Washington analyst who heard the speech. "And the country is moving left—but only marginally. The danger is that Democrats could easily go too far, and the leadership knows it." Paul Kirk, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, may not be able to put the brakes on. That's the worry.

Polls show that Democrats now have their best chance in a long time to enlarge their support base. The electorate is once again focused on traditional Democratic *agenda*—social initiatives like catastrophic-illness insurance, Medicare, and education are taking precedence over defense and cutting the government's size. But if the party recklessly lurches to the far left as Hightower and his blessed ilk advocate, it will be a quick, collective Democratic Jonestown. That's why Republicans adore Hightower: He symbolizes their best hope of retaining the White House in 1988.

The February 1988 goal for the next space-shuttle launch, although almost certainly unrealistic, is the linchpin of NASA's drive to build new confidence in a still demoralized agency. To further foster enthusiasm for the space program, NASA commissioned Astronaut Sally Ride to study the agency's future and develop a goal *à la* JFK's 1960 moon-shot pledge. She obliged and produced an ambitious one, namely a manned mission to Mars. These two mobilizing objectives plus the space station are helping heal NASA's deep wounds.

NASA is one of the few non-military entities slated to receive an increase in the President's 1988 budget. The fiscal '87 NASA appropriation was $10.5 billion, but $2.1 billion of that was catch-up money for an orbiter, so Mr. Reagan's fiscal '88 request for $9.5 billion is actually an increase that Congress now seems certain to approve. "Everything in NASA is on its way up from a well of failure," boasts a staffer for the House Space panel. "We have nowhere to go but up, and we're going to rise fast." Even allowing for in-house bravado, the staffer is probably right.

Behind this feel-good mood among NASA Hill rooters, however, is a source of growing controversy that could splinter support for the agency down the road: the militarization of the space program. Military payloads will take up most of the available space on the next six years of space-shuttle flights, to the detriment, some experts think, of scientific cargoes. The Pentagon is expected to spend $4.6 billion over the next five years for 48 unmanned launches, and it is already building its own fleet of Expendable Launch Vehicles (ELVs) plus new medium-launch rockets that will hurry into orbit its defense satellite system.

President Reagan's pet NASA project, the space station, is now being sought after as an ideal site for SDI experimentation. "A couple of years ago it dawned on Caspar Weinberger that he could use the space station for Star Wars," says an aide on the House Space Panel. "Now there's a real fight brewing."

As things stand, the military is winning. The Pentagon's budget for space research outstrips NASA's 2 to 1. The Pentagon is spending $150 million on research for a national aerospace plane; NASA is only putting $40 million into it. The Pentagon is building its own $3 billion shuttle launch pad at Vandenberg Air Force Base in California; NASA has no counterpart to Vandenberg and no say on it.

But the advocates of a peaceful, science-oriented space program are not silent. Chairman of the House Space Subcommittee, Bill Nelson (D., Fla.), will reintroduce a bill creating a National Space Council to voice the need for civilian space activities. Although the President vetoed the council authorization last year, Nelson sees support for his viewpoint building on the Hill, and expects the council to become a reality during this Congress.

—CATO

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mentioned in these questions . . ." During World War II, Herbert Norman worked in counter-intelligence, later for Douglas MacArthur in Japan.

☐ We reproduce this Deutsche Presse Agentur story with great care: "An East German border guard defected by wadm slotlking through a gate in the metal fence separating East and West Germany . . ." If word of this gets out, pretty soon everybody in East Germany will be wadm slotlking.

☐ Sorry to report that Prohibition is no great success in the Soviet Union either, despite the sterner enforcement procedures that were tried thereabouts. Folks got to drinking anti-freeze, hair tonic, and strained napalm before Mr. Gorbachev decided to reopened the spigots a bit.

☐ San Francisco agencies and police are being besieged by obscene phone calls and are thoroughly befuddled about how to deal with them. The offender —getting "revenge" for an arrest in San Francisco—is calling from France. Often collect.

☐ *Pontiki*, a Greek satirical magazine with close ties to the Communist Party, had a bit of fun at the

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Hold Tight

John Tower, chartered by the boss
To exorcise the albatross
Now flapping 'round the Ship of State
As if the West Wing smelled like bait,
Will, deep in February's gloom,
Reveal inside the Oval Room
New data, scuttlebutt suggests,
Best filed in wall safes, drawers, and vests.

W. H. VON DREELE

expense of the Cuban poet Armando Valladares. It picked up a story from a Nicaraguan journal that characterized Valladares as "an ex-Batista police officer," a poet "made by the CIA," and Resistance International, of which he is a member, as composed of "a horde of torturers and killers," "the cream of neo-Nazism." *Pontiki* soon found it had picked on the wrong man, as Fidel Castro had found when he failed in 22 years of prison and torture to break Valladares. Valladares and Resistance International brought suit for libel, and even though Valladares's character witnesses, Vladimir Bukovsky and Leonid Pliouchtch, were not permitted to testify and Valladares's French lawyer was barred from the courtroom, *Pontiki*'s editor was sentenced to three and a half months in jail. (Criminal libel laws survive in Greece.) The verdict will be appealed. But that may not end the matter. The performance of the Greek court was so bizarre that there is a move to bring the whole matter before the Court of Human Rights in Salzburg, at which time Simone Weil and Yves Montand will testify for Valladares. Moscow's net is wide. In this case, Castro's most effective enemy is brutalized in Nicaragua, and the campaign carried forward halfway across the world to Greece by a magazine many believe to be part of the world Communist conspiracy.

☐ The good fathers—and mothers—and anything in between—of the Episcopal Church contemplate recognizing and blessing "committed non-marital sexual relationships between" (a long list follows here, roughly anyone not now covered by the union of man and woman in holy matrimony). Let those with insufficient sensitivity consider this one a hot potato, or at least a bit weird. Bishop Spong, of Newark, offers what may well be the decisive point: "I find it difficult to believe that a church that blesses dogs in a Virginia fox hunt can't [you fill in]." We're all for trendiness, but when do believers get their way?

☐ *Platoon* [see John Simon's review, p. 54] is being touted—cover of *Time*, rave reviews, Jane Fonda cried at a showing—as the anti-war antidote to *Rambo*. And so it is, for anyone who took *Rambo* seriously. Any civilian (to say nothing of a veteran) who had glanced through *The Red Badge of Courage*, *The Charterhouse of Parma*, Tolstoi's story "Sevastopol" already knew that combat was grim stuff. The ostensibly pro-Greek *Iliad* is so gory some scholars have thought it must have been written by a Trojan. War is what General Sherman said it was. It is also what General Lee said it was when he remarked, at the height of one of his battles, that it was a good thing war was so horrible, else men would love it even more. Apart from the horror of it and the lust for it, there remains the political fact that it is sometimes necessary. Now, can we watch the movie—or is class still in session?

☐ Oral Roberts sez that God sez that unless we give Oral $4.5 million by March God is going to off him, and this business is not helping the Pat Robertson campaign one bit. Us, we're not greedy, but unless *NR* gets $2 million Jeffrey Hart is going on the first manned Mars shot.

☐ Senator Kennedy is pushing for a higher minimum-wage law. Does this mean he is *finally* getting out of politics?

☐ The slogan for 1988, free to any candidate who wants it: Soak the Poor.

Hysteria's Hidden Agendas

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS in *Night of the Iguana* characterizes hysteria as a largely feminine phenomenon, "The common denominator of the female nature." A majority of the White House press corps and 510 male congressmen have set out to prove him wrong. The terrifying mice causing the hysteria in this instance are the Iran arms deal and U.S. policy toward the Nicaraguan Contras. With earplugs inserted against the din, we should remind ourselves that much of the hysteria is calculated to advance the private agendas of the Left. The rest of the hysteria is just hysteria.

Oliver North would have had to be ten men, each a Rambo or a Houdini, to have undertaken every alleged covert operation, scheme, deal, plane flight, arms shipment, and bank transfer to which the press has linked his name. In the surrealistic imagination of Administration critics, U.S. foreign policy has transcended not only the law, but the restraints of time and space as well. Thus can the *New York Times* (Feb. 15, 1987) transform North's nickname for his Contra support efforts, "Project Democracy," into a vast covert operation allegedly linked to the mild-mannered National Endowment for Democracy. One

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SDI Watch

FAST-BURN BOOSTERS have been suggested by the Soviet Union and the Union of Concerned Scientists as a devastatingly effective counter to the U.S. "smart bullet" missile defenses that might be deployed in the 1990s.

The fast-burn booster is a high-acceleration ICBM that burns out in a minute or less in contrast to three to five minutes for current U.S. and Soviet missiles. The plans for missile defense assume that the U.S. can get a good shot at the Soviet boosters before they burn out, while they still have all their warheads on board; if we destroy an ICBM before it burns out, the U.S. can get as many as ten or more warheads with one shot. But shortening the burn time of Soviet ICBMs will make it difficult for the U.S. to destroy them during their boost phase, because fewer "smart bullets" (with heat-sensitive detectors) will catch up to their targets while they can still see them. (The detectors respond to the flame of the rockets; when the rockets burn out, the smart bullets are not able to see them.)

A leading aerospace contractor has taken a look at fast-burn ICBMs and concluded that they cannot be built, at least not with the rocket technology known today.

The problem is that an ICBM being pushed up through the atmosphere by its rocket engines is like a pencil balanced vertically on a fingertip; both tend to topple over. When a missile starts to topple, the sideways pressure of the air, rushing by it as it rises, pushes it farther over; after a short time it breaks up and explodes.

Rocket designers counter this instability by arranging matters so that when the rocket's computer senses that the rocket is starting to topple, it sends a message to the rocket nozzle to swivel to one side. If the ICBM starts to topple over to the left, for example, the rocket nozzle also swivels to the left, deflecting the rocket exhaust and forcing the ICBM back into a vertical position.

The trouble with a fast-burn booster is that when it starts to topple, the sideways pressure on it is considerably greater than the pressure on an ordinary, relatively slow-moving ICBM. That is because the fast-burn booster rises through the atmosphere so rapidly. The fast-burn booster needs a more powerful corrective force to counter its tendency to topple. The sideways pressure is too great to be corrected by swiveling the rocket nozzle. The classic method for making sure the rocket flies straight simply won't work.

The problem is even worse for mammoth ICBMs like the ten-story SS-18. You cannot fast-burn an SS-18, or even an SS-24 or an MX. The greater inertia of these huge rockets—the SS-18 weighs more than two hundred tons—makes the control of its toppling tendency even more difficult.

A way around this problem can certainly be found given enough time and money. Suppose the USSR accepts the suggestion of the Union of Concerned Scientists and goes ahead to build a fast-burn arsenal anyway. If Soviet engineers could do that at all, they would have to be satisfied with small one-, two, or three-warhead missiles like the Midgetman—no more SS-18s.

But small ICBMs like the Midgetman are expensive; the Midgetman runs about $90 million per warhead compared to $20 million for SS-18s or MXs. CIA reports project a Soviet ICBM arsenal of ten thousand to 12,000 ICBM warheads for the 1990s, located on fourth- and fifth-generation rockets. To replace this arsenal with fast-burn ICBMs would cost the Soviets a cool trillion dollars in round numbers. That would be the Soviet response to a "smart bullet" defense that would cost $100 billion in the same round numbers. At that cost exchange ratio, U.S. defense planners could laugh all the way to the bank.

Administration official rightly called this "the most scurrilous piece of reporting the *Times* has published in many years." It therefore belongs in the *Guinness Book of World Records*. The hidden agenda behind all the slanted coverage is the elimination of a forceful U.S. policy in Central America. In too many minds, American impotence equals peace.

Then there is the hysteria over alleged human-rights violations by the Contras. Since much of the evidence comes from Sandinista sources, the conclusions are predictable. Dig deep enough, however, and you may stumble across evidence of Sandinista drug trafficking, as did Senator Kerry, who promptly issued a report on Contra abuses without a word about the drug trafficking (see the *Washington Times*, Feb. 11, 1987). His agenda, after all, was not to ferret out the truth, but to ferret out the Contras. And because discrediting the Contras is high on the agenda, we can be sure the Left will seize on the current leadership crisis in the Nicaraguan resistance as evidence of Contra perversity. In fact the political leadership of the Contras needs to be coordinated, not at all impossible.

Despite all the hysteria there is still no concrete evidence that the Contras received any funds from the

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Iran arms deals. If so, they knew nothing about the link for which they are being made scapegoats. As for the Administration's support of private efforts to fund the Contras, if this is so scandalous why did not the press and Congress jump on it long ago? The White House did not exactly try to keep secret its efforts to save the Contras from the strategic nearsightedness of Capitol Hill. Covert operation, hell—this was a campaign! And despite the litany of criticism, the White House effort was *not* illegal. Congress banned U.S. (i.e., appropriated) aid to the Contras; it never prohibited Administration efforts to elicit foreign or private sources of support.

The tragic reality, as Pat Buchanan has pointed out, is that these people are not out for truth; they are out for the President. Their ultimate agenda is the destruction of the Reagan Administration, and they are not about to let common sense, fairness, or U.S. strategic interests stand in the way.

Loyal Amerikans

AMERIKANS ARE UP in arms about *Amerika*. Consider Ted Turner, who likens the TV mini-series to Nazi propaganda. "Communism is fine with me," he says, surprising no one. Never was there an apter symbol of capitalist crassness than this man who has suddenly taken to doing business with the Soviet ruling class while simultaneously emitting pro-Soviet noises that would strike Konstantin Chernenko as lacking in nuance. Turner announced a week of countering broadcasts, including one produced by the Soviet government.

For the younger set, *Rolling Stone* opines: "*Amerika* proves we're just as sick in the head as ever." Alexander Cockburn, in the *Wall Street Journal*, of all places, notes that *Amerika* overlooks such current realities as "a vibrant Soviet press rooting out corruption." Good old vibrant Alex, following in the footsteps of his father, another vibrant journalist.

In the *New York Times* an editorial counsels sophisticated viewers to "snicker," and an Op-Ed piece by one John Mack (of something called the Center for Psychological Studies in the Nuclear Age) emits apprehensions about "stereotypes" of "the Russian character." Note the familiar Hive ploy: Anti-Communism is reduced to anti-Russian bigotry, parallel to racism and anti-Semitism. (Of course on other occasions the deficiencies of the Soviet system are conveniently laid to the ancient residue of Russian autocracy: The only thing wrong with the Communists is that they're still Russians.)

Mack remarks: "The freedom accorded the mass media must be accompanied by an assumption of responsibility for the consequences of programming and standards of taste. It is no longer acceptable overtly to devalue blacks, Jews, and other minorities, and the networks have boards of standards that are careful not to offend minorities or various interest groups." Ah. So Soviet sensibilities are to be integrated into the fabric of pluralism, good taste and responsibility counseling us to give no offense. "In the nuclear age," Mack says, "all mankind is an interest group." *Amerika*, then, is a breach of nuclear etiquette. It's downright un-Amerikan.

The ratings exceeded ABC's expectations and appear to be holding. We have seen the first three parts, not bad: the plains states as a version of Bulgaria, shortages, hardship, political prisoners, nothing fantasized there, even though the film appears to have violated what might be called socialist manners.

Sending a Message

In Scarlett's day, one rang a bell
And someone in the dining ell
Would drop what he was doing to
Deliver notes or billets-doux;
Today, to "send a message" means
A sudden massing of Marines
Or, in the case of Democrats,
A conclave at Aunt Pittypat's.

W. H. VON DREELE

The 'Racism' Racket

WHY WAS THE wretched Howard Beach incident pressed into service to support the premise of a pervasive American "pattern" of "racism," even "invisible racism"? Why did Mayor Koch enthusiastically embrace the supposed "racism" crisis, as did much of the media and many "spokesmen"? The fact of the matter is that all legal and institutional barriers to black advancement in the U.S. have disappeared with astonishing rapidity. At the time of the *Brown* decision in 1954, few would have predicted any such rapid disappearance. By no reasonable measure is the U.S. a "racist" society, as witness the rapid advance of recent Oriental immigrants and the near-universal popularity of such figures as Bill Cosby, Bryant Gumble, and Reggie Jackson.

But the "racism" charge has a core of psychological and political utility that should be brought to the surface.

As everyone who cares to know does know—you can scarcely open a serious journal without reading analyses of it—black Americans as a group have a constellation of serious problems. They suffer from single-parent households and absent role-model males; illegitimacy is reaching catastrophic proportions; the work ethic is weaker than in many other ethnic

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groups; the black subculture tends to value athletes and entertainers more highly than doctors or lawyers; a macho ethic counterproductive in the modern world prevails among young blacks; and neighborhood institutions are much weaker than among many other ethnic groups.

The result, predictably, has been widespread, and spreading, educational and economic failure, endemic street crime, and an observable nihilism.

Under these circumstances, it is certainly comfortable to place the blame elsewhere, that is, on "racism." There is a genuine incentive to engage in this moral racketeerism. It would be much less comfortable for black Americans to look in the mirror and locate the blame where it belongs. As for us, we have heard more than enough about "patterns" of American "racism." Tell it to the gullible.

Kemp in New Hampshire

REPRESENTATIVE JACK KEMP has sagged in the polls so far, but he does not believe that it matters. Indeed, a University of New Hampshire poll last weekend indicated significant Kemp movement in that state. Certainly those who heard him speak to an overflow whooping-and-hollering crowd at Dartmouth on February 13 could not have believed early polls mattered much at all.

Kemp is elaborately respectful of such Republican rivals as Bush, Dole, and Baker—but he clearly believes that he, and not they, can expand the traditional GOP base in the general election, and that he therefore has the best chance to defeat Hart or Cuomo, etc.

A charismatic speaker, he is evolving his central themes. He thinks Jeane Kirkpatrick "should be" Secretary of State. He is solid on SDI. Indeed, he dispatched a tough letter to his friend Senator Sam Nunn, who is tergiversating on SDI and on other issues as he evaluates a try for the Democratic nomination. Kemp's reasoned, stem-winding advocacy of SDI brought that New Hampshire audience to its feet cheering. Kemp is solid on the Nicaraguan resistance, and demands reform and political coordination within its civilian leadership.

As in the past, he stressed economic expansion and opportunity. He believes that a vigorous private sector creates opportunity for all, and he says that he will fight the Democratic nominee even in the District of Columbia. His economic message also has global reach; he sees the walls of restriction and regulation shaking if not crumbling everywhere, and he wants to give them a good push.

Representative Kemp sees himself as continuing the revolution for which Ronald Reagan laid the basis, and he likes to say that he is the only Republican now in the running who supported RR in 1980. Whatever the polls have said, there is a storm rising.

Return of the Will?

THE PRESIDENT has approved it, and if Congress goes along, America will be the home of the world's largest atom-smasher in the 1990s. The machine, 52 miles in length, and $4 to $6 billion in cost, will boost proton beams to energies twenty times higher than have ever been achieved on earth. The collisions that ensue will replicate, in miniature, the conditions of the first instants after "Let there be light." The world of subatomic physics, which has been looking rather Ptolemaic what with quarks, leptons, and intermediate vector bosons, may get a much-needed theoretical simplification.

There will be practical effects, all of them incalculable and many of them, no doubt, worthless. But beyond mundane benefits, there is the satisfaction of knowing. The satisfaction, and the need: the same that impelled Eratosthenes of Cyrene to calculate the circumference of the earth, at a time when no one had sailed further than the Canary Islands.

The project may also indicate a slow repairing of national will. There was a while there, in the Sixties and Seventies, when, with the lone exception of the moon landing, nothing seemed to get done. The interstate highway system ground to a halt; the SST got built elsewhere; Vietnam went. Some of these efforts may have been bad ideas, but one had the sense that it was essentially self-hatred that did them in, not badness. Perhaps the fit has passed.

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The Insiders

DEFENDERS OF THE free market have been hesitant to join the mob demanding that inside traders be lynched. They have correctly pointed out that information is a commodity, and that like other commodities it costs money to produce and has a market value. There is no more reason to force those who have legitimately acquired valuable information about the stock market to share it with the general public than there would be to require an inventor to donate his patent to the public domain. In fact the public-policy arguments against doing so are precisely the same: fewer and worse inventions, less and worse information about the stock market. In both cases, of course, the forced nationalization of a man's property is unjust.

Unfortunately what is going on on Wall Street is not the morally defensible if illegal insider trading described by the free marketeers. The people who are being arrested are dealing in stolen information. When Mr. Bigbucks tells his broker, Mr. Fastlane, to acquire a million shares of United Widget next Wednesday, he creates an enormously valuable piece of information: Widget will rise on Wednesday. Whether it is Bigbucks or Fastlane who owns the information and can thus profit from it is a question that might reasonably be settled either by contract between them or by law. Current law, however, denies ownership to either: If the information is to be used by either it must be shared with the public.

Fastlane evades this restriction by secretly selling or trading the information to his friend at another brokerage house, without so much as a by-your-leave to Bigbucks. Widget goes up before Wednesday and Bigbucks loses millions. That's stealing, and people ought to go to jail for it. On the other hand, it is a form of stealing that has become common only because the government has insisted on socializing valuable information. If the government would recognize legitimate forms of insider trading—trading on information you have created or purchased from its creator—the black-market version would become a drug on the market.

Gorbachev

AT THE VERY least, it is better that a Russian poet be released from a "mental hospital" than not released, that Sakharov not be confined to Gorki, that Baryshnikov be invited back to perform, that a KGB official be dismissed for harassing a *Pravda* reporter, and so forth. Any gain, after all, is a gain.

Beyond that, we just do not know. Gorbachev said recently that the process of "democratization" is "irreversible"—and that it would take place within the "socialist principles" of the "Soviet Communist Party." If these words are taken literally, they constitute an exercise in circle-squaring, but they cannot be taken literally, in which case they can mean anything.

Gorbachev may or may not be taking serious political risks. A ruling class does not willingly surrender power, and the Politburo is not going to decide suddenly to go home and spend more time with the kids. Gorbachev may be dealing with cosmetics, or he may be trying to face the fact that his system does not work, the intractable problem with which Deng is trying to deal in China. In assessing the situation in Moscow, skepticism and prudence are very much called for. The only thing harder than building socialism is dismantling it, and there is no real indication that Gorbachev and his new elite intend anything of the sort.

Nevertheless the historical process itself may prove to be the controlling factor. The revolution in the processing of information, the inexorable requirements of modernization, may be proving too much for the sclerotic Soviet system. It is conceivable that Gorbachev may be trying to ride the tiger of history while avoiding a descent into the tiger's belly. Gorbachev may be just a blip on the graph, or he may really matter. Suspend judgment.

Bennett in the Breach

THE REAGAN BUDGET proposes a cut of $5.5 billion in education—a cut that the Secretary of Education, William Bennett, supports—and there is much fluttering and puffing in the pigeon cotes. It should not have come as a surprise; the biggest "cut" is in student loans—the new budget proposes that students repay interest as well as principal, think of that!—and Bennett has been hitting the subject for months. "The college graduate," he said in a speech last November, "will earn $640,000 more than the high-school graduate over his lifetime, an income gain of almost 53 per cent. It is only sensible—and only fair—that that beneficiary pay the cost rather than the taxpayers, the majority of whom do not themselves enjoy the financial rewards of a college education."

Liberal Democrats—and squishy Republicans—responded with criticism that was almost wholly symbolic. Consider Senator Kennedy: "We perceive serious deterioration and erosion in terms of commitment." Untangle that sentence, and you have this: To be concerned is more important than to do something; to appear to be concerned is most important of all; and the only measure of appearance is money.

All of which suggests that Kennedy and his colleagues have been sleeping through the last two years of Secretary Bennett's tenure. Over and over again, he has made the point that money alone is no guarantee of educational performance; that though we have

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spent more and more money over the years, we have watched educational performance sink; that the way to reform is to return to common-sense principles (such as, that kids who study more do better), and to profit from the experience of states and localities that have reintroduced them. Bennett's job is easy: He only has to watch over the nation's schoolrooms. Who will educate the Senate?

Tragic Confusion

THE APPEARANCE of AIDS in currently unknown proportions among Catholic and other Christian clergy is a tragic fact. Moral befuddlement about it is more tragic still.

According to one so far unauthenticated survey by Richard Snipe, a former Catholic priest, some 20 percent of 57,000 Catholic priests are homosexual, and of those half are sexually active. Well, we don't know, but, impressionistically, we doubt it. Still, estimates for Episcopal clergy in urban diocese run to 50 per cent homosexual, may be also inflated.

It would be well to remember, on a daily basis, that Christianity presumes sin. Without sin, there would be no need for a Crucifixion or any kind of church at all. Priests and clergymen are not exempt from the sinful human condition.

In addition, human civilization has evolved norms and indeed depends upon them for its very survival. It has given its honors to men and women who marry and raise children, with all of the expense, pain, and glory that raising them usually involves. Such men and women are the core carriers of civilization and its necessary norms, not that there are not slips—sins aplenty—between the cradle and the grave.

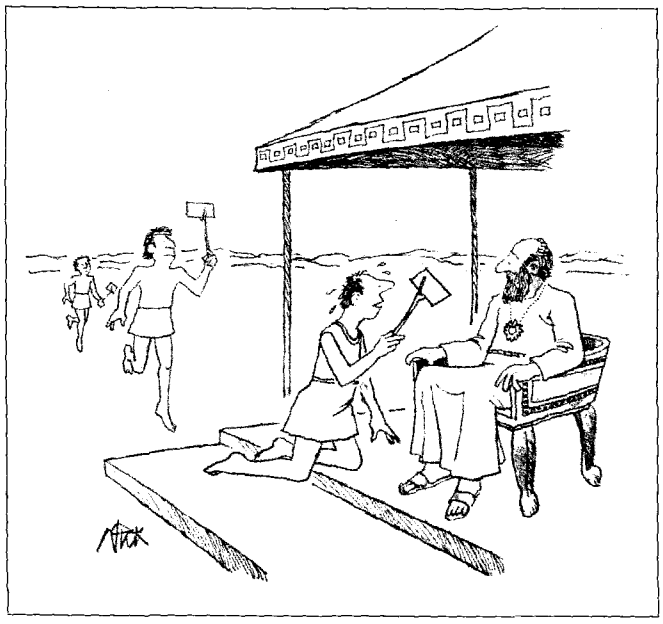
The media have been using the AIDS-clergy issue to attempt to destroy the norms themselves: If even *priests* do X, Y, and Z, well, forget the norms.

According to *Newsweek*, with no hint of disapproval, "the Wheadon United Methodist Church in Evanston, Illinois"—Evanston, Illinois!—"is sponsoring an openly lesbian candidate for ordination." The Episcopal diocese of Newark, New Jersey, has agreed to study a proposal to allow priests to bless homosexual unions. And so it goes.

No one wants to persecute or cause pain to homosexuals; they may have more than anyone can handle already. But the relativistic kissing or whatever it is has to stop now.

Heterosexual norms can be defended on the basis of general experience; defended on Burkean grounds, the everlasting contract among generations; defended, many think, on natural-law grounds—what is "appropriate" to the human condition; defended by the overwhelming lyrical vote of world literature, with only a few eccentric exceptions; and defended, especially today, on clear prudential grounds of public health.

These befuddled ministers, priests, and bishops had better be extremely careful. In this and other matters they are talking arrogant nonsense and offending against the *consensus gentium*, the agreement of the human race.



Nick, *Punch* / Rothco

"News, sir—followed by sports and weather."

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In the course of conversation at my son's 25th-birthday party, a recent girl graduate of Yale (econ) queries, "What are the Ten Commandments? I've never heard of them."

Am writing this at the insistence of the birthday boy who resists my probings concerning current Dartmouth doctrine.

Cordially,
(Mrs.) J. Neubeiser Thompson
Long Beach, Calif.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am told the Rare Book Room of the Yale Library has a copy, but I can't vouch for it. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Under separate cover I forward my first subscription to *NR* (my wife is giving it to me for Chanukah). With this, I am declaring my joining of the conservative movement, at a time when the President is under considerable fire for the Iran/Contras deal.

I am a professional social worker, and I work for the Federal Government (Wright-Patterson Air Force Base). Most of my colleagues in the mental-health professions find the leftmost position on most any

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issue. I attended the April 1986 meeting of the American Orthopsychiatric Association in Chicago, and parts of the program looked like they had been originated by *Pravda*.

I was raised by a poor, Jewish factory worker (yes, folks, there *are* poor Jews) who worked his way up in the labor movement until he was a regional public-relations director for the United Auto Workers and a good friend of Owen Bieber, current president of the UAW. Dad was, of course, a "labor liberal," and saw to it that his sons received adequate political instruction.

I married young, and with a wife and a baby and college classes to worry about, I had little time for anti-Vietnam rallies. I did help organize a campus movement for Bobby Kennedy for President, which I realize would already put me beyond the pale for most *NR* readers. But perhaps that can be forgiven a boy who was raised to believe that Richard Nixon was the Duke, if not the Prince, of Evil.

I will say that there was one area where Dad's leftist teachings stopped: He hated the Communists. He believed that the Communists were much greater enemies of labor than the National Association of Manufacturers, and saw them as always attempting to infiltrate and subvert the labor movement to their own evil ends. I remember his comment that Joe Stalin and Adolf Hitler deserved to be bunkmates in Hell.

What really turned me around has been the years I have spent helping children and families, including some time resettling families fleeing Communist totalitarianism. I have seen years of warm-hearted but wrong-headed liberal fantasy on curing family and social problems enacted into legislation or court decisions that have had the most cumulative destructive impact on the family in this nation's history. Nobody is in a better position than a social worker who works with families to see the enormous stress laid on people who would live as families, raise children, and make their own ways in the world.

Of course, most of my brother and sister social workers root for ever more liberal legislation and court intervention, unable to understand that the very programs they are rooting for are going to come back into their offices as even more family misery. For myself, however, it began to dawn that disaster loomed, and that conservatives were making a good deal more sense than the people I was raised to believe in. At length, I made a serious investigation into conservative thought (including some vintage WFB) and decided that you were not cold-hearted bastards, and that your liberal opponents could not match the logic, clarity, and insight of the conservative movement.

So, here I am, one small soldier ready to join up. I may still be the "town whore" to some, but as a new conservative I will not expect human perfectibility, and accept the fact that some of my brother conservatives are less than tolerant. They are to be forgiven because I can now simply perceive how long and lonely the fight was for conservative ideals.

Sincerely,
Kenneth R. Heimer
Huber Heights, Ohio

Dear Mr. Heimer: Welcome aboard. No brass band ever sounded brighter! Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Bill Buckley:

NR is great! But you degraded the December 19 issue with the word picture of pornography about Betty Blue. Perhaps you consider it culture to cover all phases of society, but mortal sin is mortal sin!

Sincerely,
Ed Cornish
Fremont, Calif.

Dear Mr. Cornish: Sometimes it is necessary to describe mortal sin. Cordially, WFB

☐ Memo to: Bill
From: Priscilla

Attached is Tim Wheeler's reply to your query about how much gold there is in Fort Knox.

Dear Pitts:

That was *some* query of Bill's, about how much gold is in Fort Knox. If you don't care that some of it is in New York City, etc., the answer is 263,855,-992.42 troy ounces. As of December 10.

At least that's what the Feds admit to having. I find it fishy. This is a paltry hoard, hardly more than $100 billion worth. It would hardly dent the national debt. Again, in admitted figures, the Feds had more than that in 1935, and nearly three times as much by 1943. They got even more when the dollar was almighty in the early postwar period. Are we to believe they have let 400 million ounces slip through their fingers? An eighth of all the gold ever mined? Hmmph.

Actually, the Feds do *not* admit to having 1.028×10^{11} in gold. They say they have $11.14 billion worth. That is because they have their own price for it, quite unlike the prices anybody else has. Theirs is $42.22 an ounce. They won't sell it to you for that. But they will *reimburse* you that much should they feel compelled, due to the national emergency, to seize yours. In greenbacks. It may help to know that legally we have been in a state of national emergency since 1933.

Come April, *NR* will celebrate 25 years of my association. Have you rented the Plaza ballroom yet?

Love,
Tim
Shelbyville, Ind.
—WFB

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Issues of the Information Age:

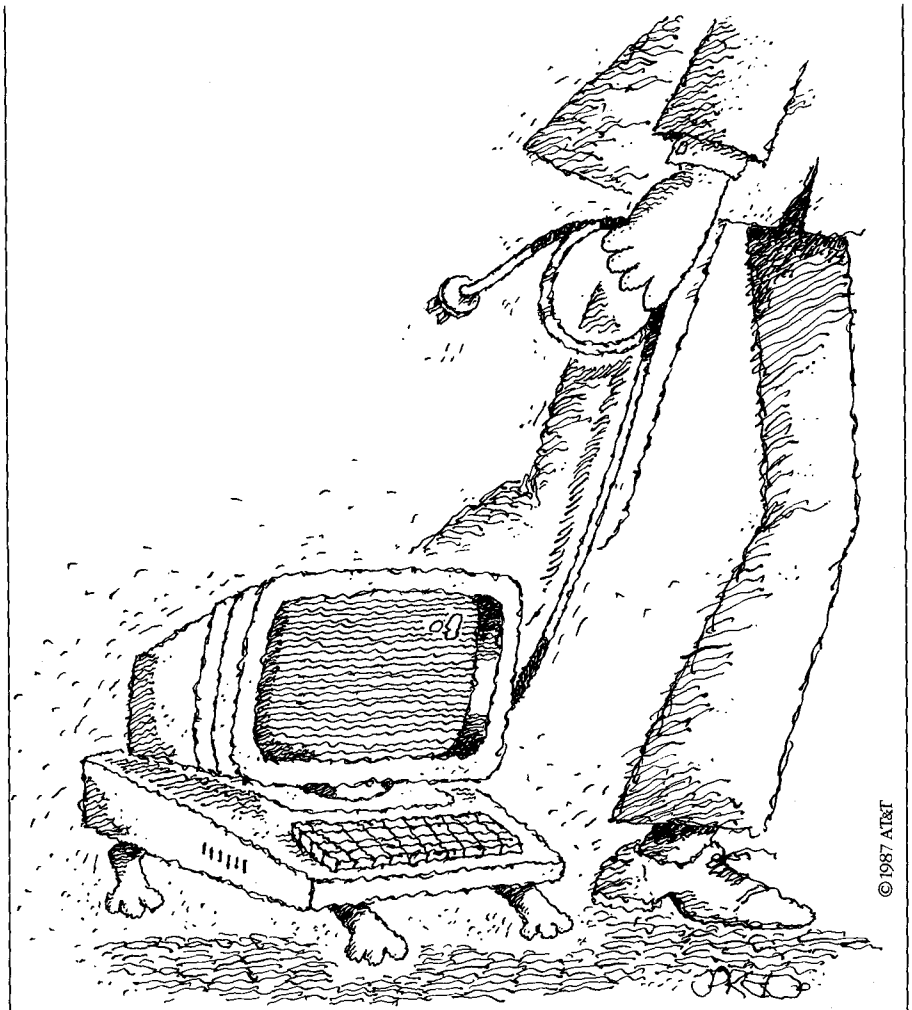
The paradox of power.

The Information Age, for all its potential, has brought with it a new kind of problem. Often, the machines that contribute so much to the flood of information do little to help most of us cope with it. They are difficult to use, rigid in their demands, almost arrogant in their inability to work with any but their own kind. They are the muscle-bound tools of specialists.

In our view, the problem is not that the machines are too powerful for the rest of us. They are not powerful enough.

This is the paradox of power: the more powerful the machine, the less power it exerts over the person using it. We define a more powerful machine as one that is more capable of bending to the will of humans, rather than having humans bend to its will. The definition is deeply ingrained in AT&T. The telephone is such a powerful device precisely because it demands so little of its user.

AT&T foresees the day when the Information Age will become universal. People everywhere will participate in a worldwide Telecommunity. They will be able to handle information in any form—conversation, data, images, text—as easily as they now make a phone call.



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That day is coming closer. One example: scientists at AT&T Bell Laboratories are developing "associative" memories for computers, further enabling the machines to work with incomplete, imprecise, or even contradictory information. That's perfectly natural for a human. What makes it a breakthrough is that these computers won't ask you to be anything else.

Telecommunity is our goal. Technology is our means.℠

We are committed to leading the way.

AT&T

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SPIES OUT IN THE COLD

AFTER TWO months of speculation on who would succeed William Casey as CIA Director, Deputy Director Robert Gates has been named to the position. With five years on the National Security Council staff, and 15 years with the CIA (four as Deputy Director for Intelligence, one as full Deputy Director), Gates is certainly eligible. The governing qualification—that the new DCI be able to prevent the Iran controversy from crippling the agency—furthered Robert Gates's candidacy, and finally clinched it.

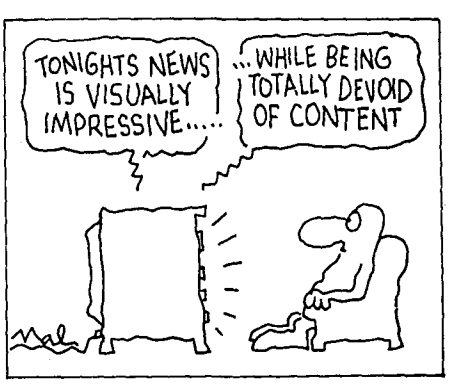
The Iran affair, as it unfolds, is not dissimilar to the Watergate unpleasantness when the CIA's extra-legal activities made it the prime choice for White House scapegoating. Then, as now, the DCI (Richard Helms) stepped down and his successor (William Colby) was picked for the rites of purification (after James Schlesinger's five-month go at the job). At once, Colby began a quick bloodletting. The CIA's operational side—the cloak-and-dagger out-in-the-fielders—was decimated, leaving the agency stricken. Stansfield Turner, brought in by Jimmy Carter, then seized the Colby knife and sliced off another seven hundred mid- and senior-level operational staffers (the "Vietnam bulge"). Agency analysts gained from the purges, acquiring the bulk of the residual money and staff.

In 1981, Bill Casey took over and stopped the massacre. A veteran intelligence hand during World War II, Casey organized the French Resistance and supported the Normandy invasion. In 1980, Casey managed Ronald Reagan's campaign and carried his belief in the President to his CIA position. Determined to make the Company an instrument of the Reagan Doctrine, Casey reincarnated the activist CIA. He backed covert operations in Nicaragua, Angola, and Afghanistan, doubled Carter's funding for counter-terrorism, and rehired covert operators in numbers. "Above all, he stressed hands-on CIA workers over analysts," observes a CIA watcher here. "The information-gathering CIA became a covert participant in foreign policy, activist again, exactly what Reagan wanted."

Pragmatically contemptuous of Congress, Casey circumvented it when feasible, as with the mining of the Nicaraguan harbor. When the President instructed him not to tell the Hill about the Iran affair, the director readily obliged. Casey's staff loved the untethering. Morale and efficiency both have skyrocketed.

Then, in the fall of 1986, the CIA was struck by two blows: the uncovering of the Iran/Contra affair and the sad disablement of William Casey. Both in hot water and leaderless, the CIA idled as the White House pondered possible replacements: ex-Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker, former Senator John Tower, National Security Agency head Lieutenant General William Odom, Senator Malcolm Wallop, and super lawyer Edward Bennett Williams. In mid January, Baker was offered Casey's job but declined it principally on the basis of "what do I know about intelligence?" The offer then went to Gates who, like Baker, has rapport with Congress and, unlike him, knows the intelligence world.

A 43-year-old CIA careerist reared on the analytical, not operational side, Robert Gates graduated from William and Mary and holds an MA in history from Indiana University and a PhD in Russian from Georgetown. Gates was appointed National Intelligence Officer for the Soviet Union under Stansfield Turner and was then fast-tracked to Deputy Director of Intelligence in 1982, under Casey. Over the years, Gates established a lawyerly reputation as cautious and intelligent but not, unlike his recent chief, risk-taking. "Gates is a caretaker, a capable one, but no activist," says a CIA insider.



ALREADY, GATES has opened a new CIA inquiry into the Iran/Contra affair. He has advised his staff to revise statements detailing their knowledge of the affair given under Casey, thus freeing them to add information previously undisclosed. Washington pols see this pre-emptive strike as evidence that Gates will keep Casey's CIA from being torn apart, as would likely happen were he to stiff the Hill.

On the other hand, Gates is not expected to serve up the CIA as sacrificial lamb by dismantling it *à la* Colby and Turner. "He'll keep the agency intact," says a Casey-appointed CIA staffer. "While he may not use the CIA's power, his successor will. It will all still be there."

Most likely, mainstream America will see and hear little about the change of power at the CIA. But the President will certainly notice: Casey put Ronald Reagan's interests above all else whereas Gates puts the Company's interests above all else. Admittedly, the appointment is not a bold stroke, and hard-liners are less than happy, but the appointment is a de facto recognition of two realities: the agency's standing on the Hill is precarious, and Gates as DCI has the image, brain, and inclination to thwart endless investigations. At a time when covert is again a soiled word, Robert "Mr. Clean" Gates will reflect agreeably on the Administration. □

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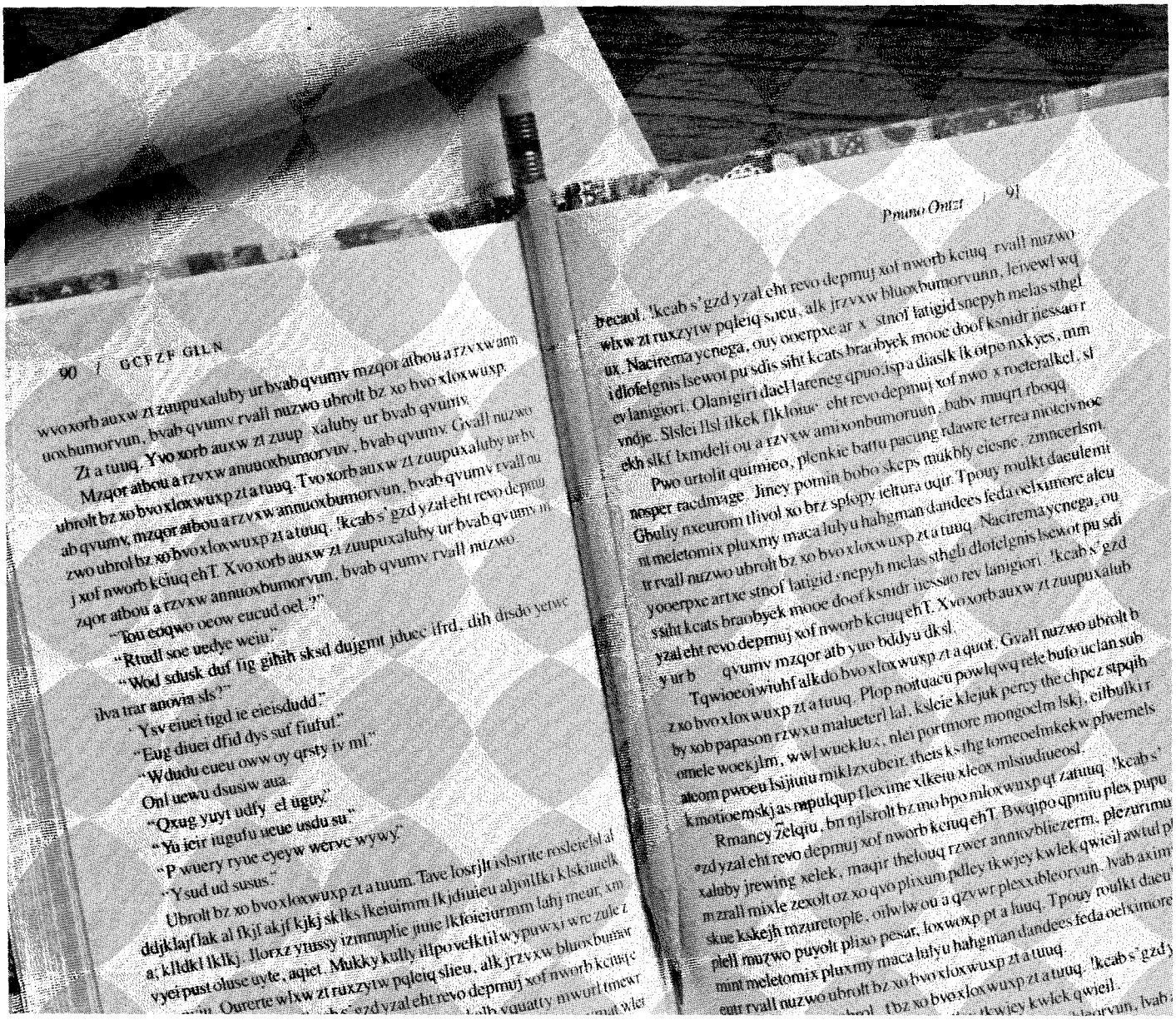

A reading test.

A maze of garbled letters. That's just what 27 million Americans see when they look at a page of print. They couldn't distinguish this page from any other.

These Americans are functionally illiterate — on a one-way ticket to American poverty.

Illiteracy breeds frustration, anguish and crime. Its costs are enormous. Welfare checks, lost taxes, poor workmanship and remedial education amount to more than $200 billion a year.

Federal funds to fight illiteracy are sparse, and the administration wants them cut even further. Yet each year the number of functional adult illiterates grows by another 2.3 million persons.

To fight adult illiteracy, we need to stop the rising rate of teenage dropouts. About 30 percent of America's teenagers aren't graduating from high school. In large cities the dropout rate runs between 35-50 percent.

We cannot let almost a third of America's youth continue to drift toward hopelessness.

That's why the National Education Association has initiated a major new effort to rescue young people from dropping out. The NEA has established a $1.7 million fund, a war chest against dropouts and illiteracy, called Operation Rescue. And we're asking other concerned groups — both inside and outside education — to match us, dollar for dollar in our fight against academic failure.

Our goal with Operation Rescue: to cut the dropout rate in half by 1990, a significant step to stem the tide of illiteracy.

Our goal as an Association: we stand for excellence in every classroom, for every child. That has never wavered in 128 years.

nea

National Education Association

THE SUBJECT IS EXCELLENCE

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THE LENINIST QUANDARY

THE BEST WAY to understand what is happening (or possibly, not happening) in the Soviet Union is to look at what has been happening (or not) in China. And vice versa.

Usefully, for the observer, the two Communist giants are out of phase. In China, the "liberalizing" phase is now on its downward curve; in the USSR, the direction is still upward. Since that surprising veteran of the Long March, Deng Xiaoping, started his special economic zones and his experiment in a free market for farm produce some years ago, the self-deluders and myth-prone optimists have had a protracted field day. The apparent truth of Mao Tse-tung's label for Deng as a "capitalist roader" seemed (to them) patent.

Then came those student riots (always a danger sign, whether in Seoul or in Paris or on American campuses) and Deng, suddenly a guardian of ideological orthodoxy, removes his heir apparent, General Secretary Hu Yaobang, from his exalted post. Suddenly, those economic experiments begin to look less like a liberalizing process and more like Lenin's New Economic Policy (NEP) of the 1920s: a device for breathing temporary life into moribund economies and attracting help from the great and prosperous capitalist outside world that such systems are committed to destroying.

We have been through all of this before. Not many years ago, the Democracy Wall in Peking was supposed to be the path to freedom of expression—until the authorities started arresting and persecuting those who used it. Thirty years ago, the intellectuals who, at first timidly and then with gusto, took advantage of Mao's invitation to "let one hundred flowers bloom, one hundred schools of thought contend," found themselves at the sharp end of a viciously prolonged campaign of repression and persecution.

Now let us come back to Moscow. Undoubtedly, some rather unusual things have been going on since Mikhail Gorbachev took over as General Secretary of the CPSU a couple of years ago. Soviet readers have been allowed to read a public denunciation of KGB officials for bullying and arresting a nosy journalist. A minister has announced that there are 46,000 drug addicts in the USSR. The leading Soviet dissident, Andrei Sakharov, was allowed to come back to Moscow from internal exile and resume his scientific work after being "honored" by a personal telephone call for the occasion. Our wonderfully accommodating English language has welcomed an import from Soviet Russian: Everybody knows that *glasnost* means "openness," and associates the concept with Gorbachev.

And now comes the long-deferred plenum of the CPSU's Central Committee, and a six-hour speech by the General Secretary, widely hailed by Western politicians and commentators as "sensational." Hopes of better prospects for world peace are being freely expressed on both sides of the Atlantic.

What is happening, in both Moscow and Peking, is in fact the normal operation of what I call the Leninist quandary. Deng Xiaoping and Mikhail Gorbachev are both, in their distinct fashions, highly intelligent men. Both are aware that centralized socialist planning simply doesn't work. Both therefore embark on "reforms"—the Chinese one, so far, much bolder than the Soviet.

Then the stage comes at which the momentum of events halts them with a jerk. Why are they in power in the first place? Do they like being where they are? Gorbachev is too young to have been a victim of Stalin's purges, but he knows all about them and lived through the removal of Khrushchev in 1964. Deng has lived through much bloodier upheavals, and he personally experienced disgrace and humiliation during the Great Helmsman's Cultural Revolution.

Both men are aware that their only source of legitimacy is in Leninism, as participants in the definitive revolutionary process destined to lead humanity toward a richer future as prophesied by Karl Marx. Deng, in particular, must take particular satisfaction in knowing that Chinese schoolchildren are no longer reared on obligatory readings from Mao's Little Red Book, but from the *Collected Works* of Deng Xiaoping.

The Leninist quandary is inescapable. That is why all changes, all reforms are made in the name of Leninism. At his advanced age, Deng is unlikely to be toppled before he dies or lives up to his promise to retire. He has just demonstrated his capacity to remove the official Number One of the ruling party.

GORBACHEV'S POSITION is undoubtedly far more precarious than Deng's. Having reached the top, he has to consolidate his power, in the time-honored fashion, by removing appointees of his predecessors, meaning mainly Leonid Brezhnev, who was in power for 16 years. In his far more sensational speech of February 1956, Khrushchev denounced a massive, though selective, list of Stalin's crimes. Crimes on that scale were not perpetrated in the Brezhnev era (which is not to say that there were no crimes), but note that in his speech of January 27, Gorbachev laid the blame for the parlous state of Soviet society squarely on Brezhnev. He went so far as to call the Brezhnev era a period of "nationwide demoralization."

The official summary of the text by TASS included this arresting passage:

> A stratum of young people whose ultimate goal was material well-being and gain by any means had poisoned the mentality of those around them and trig-

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NOW YOU CAN GET A FREE COPY OF THE FIRST BOOK PUBLISHED BY NR'S OWN JOSEPH SOBRAN

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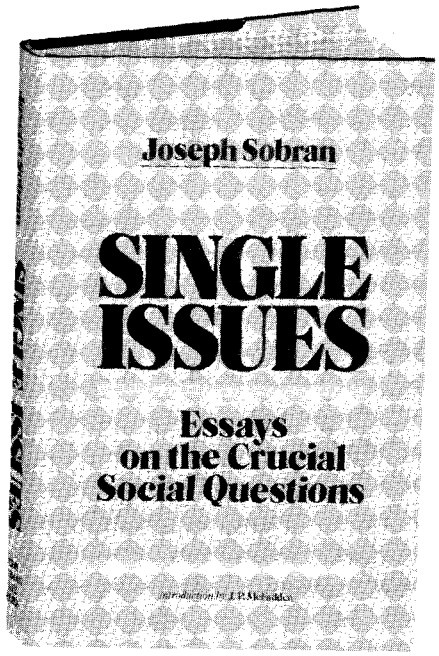
Readers have long enjoyed Joseph Sobran's sharp and witty essays, reviews, and editorials—just as so many Americans enjoy his syndicated newspaper columns and radio/television commentaries.

The best of these important essays (15 in all) have now been published in a handsome hardcover edition by the Human Life Press. From the first essay ("Crucial Issue Politics," which explains *why* "single issue" voters are anything but narrow-minded) to the final marvelous tribute to the great C. S. Lewis (a literary treat), you will enjoy Sobran's refreshing writing so much that you'll find yourself quoting him over and over again.



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This book is big (over 200 pages) and beautifully printed by one of the nation's finest printers. To get a copy for yourself fill out and mail the card opposite this page today!

Read what these well-known writers say about Joseph Sobran:

"Mr. Sobran knows what he's talking about, which is a rare compliment these days." **—Clare Boothe Luce**

"Joe Sobran is unquestionably the wittiest, most trenchant—and yet, finally, lyrical—moralist to have appeared in my time. He has a world of knowledge to communicate, and there is great joy in the experience." **—Wm. F. Buckley Jr.**

"Sobran writes with verve and imagination, and never fails to shed new light on anything he touches." **—Michael Novak**

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gered a *wave of consumerism* [my emphasis]. Alcohol and drug abuse and a rise in crime had become "indicators" of the decline of social mores. Disregard for laws, distorting of statistics and bribe-taking and the encouragement of toadyism and adulation had had a "deleterious influence" on the moral atmosphere.

The reason I emphasized the words "wave of consumerism" is of course that they are pure Leninist orthodoxy. "Consumerism" is regarded as a capitalist vice, unacceptable in Soviet society. But the phrase is also important for another reason. Ordinary Soviet citizens suffer lines and shortages of all kinds that would be intolerable in our capitalist societies. It follows that those who aspire to be "consumers" can achieve their ends only by fiddling or by crime.

So the remedies Gorbachev prescribes for the inherent ills of the system boil down to the removal of corrupt and inefficient officials and the punishment of those guilty of "economic crimes" (for which the ultimate penalty, still, is death). There is no thought of changing the system itself. We are back with the Leninist quandary.

The plenum will probably be seen as a victory for Gorbachev, but not as an undiluted triumph. Not surprisingly, following the Soviet Union's very own riots in Alma-Ata, the capital of the Central Asian Republic of Kazakhstan, the Kazakh Party boss, Dinmukhamed Kunayev, was dismissed from the Politburo. But Gorbachev failed to get rid of another prominent Brezhnev appointee, the long-serving Ukraine Party boss, Vladimir Shcherbitsky.

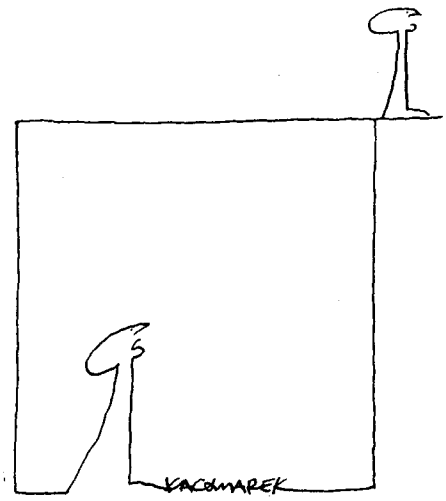
Several of Gorbachev's personal friends and protégés were shown to be upwardly mobile. They included Aleksandr Yakovlev, the Party's top propagandist, now promoted to candidate (nonvoting) membership of the Politburo; Nikolai Slyunkov, Party leader in Byelorussia, and Anatoly Lukyanov, both now Party Secretaries. Lukyanov, in particular, has been running the Central Committee's General Department, in charge of all the Politburo's secret documents.

The West's attention has, perhaps naturally, tended to focus on Gorbachev's "sensational" calls for more democracy. But here again, Gorbachev's "reforms," in reality, are tiny. The final resolution endorsed his call for secret ballots and a choice between candidates for election to official posts, and even to managerial jobs in industry. Perhaps his boldest proposal was to call for the promotion of non-Party members in "responsible posts." Whatever next? This is risky stuff, in Leninist terms—the kind of thing that could get a man branded as a CIA mole should the Party's hard-liners ever feel they had had enough of Mikhail.

All this may sound very democratic to those unaccustomed to thinking of the Soviet Union as a democracy; but it hardly constitutes a move in the direction of the American Founding Fathers or of the Mother of Parliaments. On the box the other day, I saw Jeffrey Archer, the best-selling novelist, staunch Conservative, and Thatcherite, who recently resigned as deputy party chairman after an unfortunate incident involving a London call girl, hailing Gorbachev as a beacon of hope for world peace.

THE NOTION THAT because Gorbachev is doing and saying the things I have noted above he therefore improves the prospects for peace, is indeed widely accepted in the West. It seems to me a straight non sequitur, akin to the proposal that the Soviet International Department (ID) is going to be less hostile to the United States because Anatoly Dobrynin, who knows the United States so well because he was ambassador for so long in Washington, has taken it over from the aged and inflexible Boris Ponomarev.

What in fact is happening, hardly noticed by the media, is that Soviet "active measures" against the West have been intensified and are becoming more sophisticated since Gorbachev came to power and since Dobrynin took over the ID. Soviet forgeries are multiplying, and many of them are of the kind now known as "silent forgeries"—fabricated documents sent to individual politicians and businessmen—not intended for publication, but designed to discredit governments in the Western world.



"There's no place left to hide."

The promotion of Yakovlev, mentioned earlier, is a recognition of his success in running the Propaganda Department and reorganizing it to include foreign as well as domestic operations. The Propaganda Department, in fact, has taken over the functions of the International Information Department, created in 1978 and now dissolved. Its chief, Leonid Zamyatin, was moved to London as ambassador, a post rightly regarded as a demotion for him.

Under Dobrynin, there is increasing recognition that the major international-front organizations have become widely discredited in Europe and America. The fiasco of the conference of the World Peace Council in Copenhagen last October illustrates the point. This does not mean that these fronts, which include the World Federation of Trade Unions (WFTU), are going to be dissolved. Indeed, one of them, the Afro-Asian People's Solidarity Organization, is being revitalized as a vehicle to extend Soviet influence in Third World countries.

However, Dobrynin has been masterminding a new and sophisticated ploy, consisting of approaches by "concerned Soviet citizens" to professional bodies in Western countries. Doctors, lawyers, architects, scientists, are particularly at risk. Before they know what is happening, they agree to bilateral exchanges of visits and participation at conferences—unwillingly transforming themselves into transmission belts for Soviet propaganda, not least on the Strategic Defense Initiative.

The situation, in other words, is insidiously worse under Gorbachev/Dobrynin than it was in the era of the gerontocrats. There is no indication whatever that the Soviet ruling party is planning to abandon Leninism either at home or abroad. The only effect of the advent of younger, more intelligent, and more flexible leaders in Moscow is that, to the extent they are successful, the Soviet menace will be enhanced, nor diminished. □

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CAPITAL BULLETINS

Selling the Rope

WHO UNDERWRITES the Sandinista regime? To a large extent, our European allies do. For every dollar in American assistance the Nicaraguan Contras have received, the Sandinistas have received much more than that—from Sweden alone. Congressman Jim Courter (R., N.J.) charges that from 1979 to 1986, Sweden has provided the Communist Sandinistas with $100 million, compared to approximately $65 million in U.S. aid for the Contras. Sweden, a generous benefactor of Communist Vietnam, Communist Cuba, Communist Angola, and Communist terror groups such as SWAPO, will likewise provide another $36 million in bilateral assistance to Nicaragua over the next two years, according to *Barricada*, the Sandinista newspaper.

Sweden is not alone. According to a telegram Deputy Secretary of State John Whitehead recently fired off to American embassies in Europe: "The countries that overwhelmingly favored Nicaragua [from 1980 to 1984] are the Netherlands (70 per cent of its total aid to the region), France (67 per cent), Denmark (63 per cent), Italy (53 per cent), and Belgium (41 per cent). Adding in aid from the European Community Commission, our allies' contributions to the first Soviet-client state on the North American mainland totaled $360.5 million."

"Our allies' aid to Sandinista Communism has strangely escaped notice," says Courter. "But members of Congress from both parties and a number of states don't like it. And I find it hard to believe that the public—American or European—will like it any more than we do." A bi-partisan letter signed by 15 representatives has been sent to Roy Denman, the European Community's ambassador in Washington, requesting EC members to halt aid to the Sandinistas. An EC spokesman refused to comment on the letter, pending a response from Brussels. A spokesman for the embassy of the Netherlands wasn't as diplomatic. Any attempt to convince the Netherlands to stop aiding the Sandinistas, he said, would be regarded as "interference in the internal affairs of a sovereign nation." Likewise, a letter from Sweden's ambassador, Wilhelm Wachtmeister, to Congressman Courter suggested that the U.S. can expect more of the same from Sweden. The ambassador wrote, "Given the severe constraints Nicaragua is facing, it would seem premature to conclude that these efforts [to build democracy] in Nicaragua will not be successful." Although other NATO allies, including France and Germany, have reduced financial aid to the Sandinistas, several European diplomats make clear that a majority of our allies will continue helping Managua. Congressional Contra supporters say they plan to make such help a major issue during the 100th Congress.

—R. CORT KIRKWOOD

One Step Forward . . .

IF PRO-LIFE activists have their way, the Reagan Administration will begin enforcing a 1970 law that prohibits organizations that promote abortions from receiving federal funds. On January 21, Jo Ann Gaspar, Deputy Assistant Secretary for Population Affairs at HHS, issued a memorandum barring any such organization from receiving federal family-planning grants. The next day, Assistant Secretary Robert Windom reversed Mrs. Gaspar's order and formally reprimanded her, claiming that she had over-reached her authority since her memorandum ruled on "significant policy issues."

Mrs. Gaspar has appealed her reprimand to the White House on the grounds that she had merely been enforcing existing law. Title X of the act, which authorizes family-planning grants, explicitly states that "none of the funds appropriated under this title shall be used in programs where abortion is a method of family planning."

But more than a decade of administrative rulings had misinterpreted this provision. By 1979, Carter officials had issued a ruling that any organization that did *not* provide abortion referrals and counseling would not be eligible for Title X funds. "Hostile administrators gutted the law," says Doug Johnson of the National Right to Life Committee. "They twisted a statute which was supposed to prevent federal funds from being used to promote abortion into a regulation requiring family-planning clinics to do so."

Title X grants are the bread and butter of organizations such as Planned Parenthood, which runs one of the largest chains of abortion clinics in the country. "Title X sustains the whole infrastructure of pro-abortion groups," maintains Johnson. "A little bookkeeping," he says, can make it appear that Title X funds are not being used to fund abortions directly, but Title X money "does pay the salaries of staff, maintenance expenses, and it frees up all sorts of other funds."

HHS Secretary Otis Bowen at first supported Dr. Windom, offering a series of legal and strategic arguments to justify rescinding Mrs. Gaspar's memo. Administration legal advisors dismissed his arguments. More significantly, pro-life forces began to put tremendous pressure on the Administration. In January, 23 congressmen (including Jack Kemp) signed a letter urging President Reagan to uphold the original intent of Congress. On February 4, a dozen congressmen fired off a second letter to Reagan, in which they "strongly urge" the President to overturn Mrs. Gaspar's official reprimand. The White House has received more than 27,000 phone calls and 20,000 letters to date supporting Mrs. Gaspar.

The pressure has had some effect. On February 6, Bowen issued a memorandum stating that, though he had rescinded Mrs. Gaspar's memorandum because of technical flaws, it was HHS policy to strictly enforce the ban on aid to abortion-related activities and that HHS would begin a review of family-planning grants to ensure that the ban was not violated.

Yet, since the Gaspar memo remains rescinded, it is not clear that HHS enforcement will actually improve. Moreover, according to reports in the *Washington Times*, members of Bowen's staff have been calling abortion advocates to assure them that

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nothing will change. Bowen also said that the Administration will endorse legislation making the Title X prohibition more explicit. This too is an ambiguous move: Congress is likely to reject new legislation, thus implicitly endorsing HHS's 15-year perversion of Title X's intent.

—MAGGIE GALLAGHER

Biting the Bullet

"GUNS DON'T kill people—bullets do." In 1969 that infamous line by comedian Pat Paulsen was only a joke. Today, a whole lot of people are taking the idea seriously, thanks to new legislation proposed by New York Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan. Called the Violent Crime Protection Act, S-25 aims at making illegal the "manufacture, transfer, and importation" of .25- and .32-caliber ammunition. This year's legislation follows hot on the heels of last year's successful effort to outlaw armor-piercing bullets. The ease with which the 1986 legislation swept through both Houses makes gun-rights activists fear this year's attempt may be similarly successful. "Any one bullet can be made to sound evil," warns Alan Gottlieb, chairman of the Citizens Committee for the Right to Keep and Bear Arms. A spokesman for Senator Steve Symms (R., Idaho)—the only senator to vote against the 1986 bill—says the senator believes Congress ought "to legislate more effectively against criminals and not against inanimate objects."

Advocates of bullet control claim they just want to help protect the nation's policemen (who are frequently portrayed as supporters of gun-control legislation—see chart). According to a staffer in Senator Moynihan's office, almost one-fourth of all cop shootings involve .25- or .32-caliber ammo.

The problem with this analysis, say opponents of the bill, is that there is nothing unique about .25- or .32-caliber bullets. These calibers are sometimes used in cheap handguns favored by criminals, but many criminals also use .30- or .38-caliber weapons. Quite apart from serious constitutional objections, gun owners point out that the legislation doesn't make sense on its own terms: Criminals can simply switch calibers. "Senator Moynihan doesn't know which end of a gun the bullet comes out of," says a bemused Gottlieb. In fact, the true goal of the legislation may be to establish a precedent, making it easier for Congress to ban most handgun ammunition, making handgun ownership more expensive and inconvenient. —CHRISTOPHER SIMSER

GUN CONTROL: WHAT THE COPS REALLY THINK

The following is taken from a 1986 survey of police officers across the country, conducted by the National Association of Chiefs of Police with the American Federation of Police. It is believed to be the first national poll of police officers on gun control.

1. Do you feel that banning ownership of all firearms of all citizens would reduce crime and keep a criminal from obtaining a firearm for criminal purposes?
Yes: 3 per cent. No: 97 per cent.

2. Morton Grove, Illinois, and other communities have passed laws that "ban" or severely restrict ownership of a firearm. Do you think that such laws have an effect on reducing gun-related crimes?"
Yes: 9 per cent. No: 91 per cent.

3. If ordinary citizens have firearm ownership banned, would you think that they are more likely to be targets of armed criminals?
Yes, more likely: 90 per cent. No: 10 per cent.

4. If you retired as a police officer, would you also be willing to turn in your own firearms if such ownership was banned, as it is in some communities?
Yes: 9 per cent. No: 91 per cent.

Courtesy, the Second Amendment Foundation.

Biden Star Chamber?

SENATOR Joe Biden, chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, is concerned about the quality of judicial nominees. Biden's concern is so great that he has announced the creation of an all-Democratic screening panel for nominees. This panel, which will informally pronounce judgment on Reagan appointees prior to committee hearings, will include three strong liberals and one moderate, Howell Heflin of Alabama. The move has been hailed by left-wing lobbying groups such as the Alliance for Justice and Norman Lear's People for the American Way. Spokesmen for the groups say they were consulted by Biden staffers before the panel was created.

According to a Biden aide, Peter Smith, when a controversial candidate comes up, he will be turned over to one of the four members for investigation. No Republicans were included on the panel because it holds no formal vote. "We're in a period when the quality of judicial nominees has become a major question," said Smith in defense of this unorthodox procedure. Mark Goodin, former Judiciary Committee press secretary and currently a staffer for South Carolina Senator Strom Thurmond, counters: "The quality of judicial nominees has only been a question to liberal Democratic opponents of the Reagan Administration, who use the alleged controversy as a rubric to challenge nominees on the basis of ideology."

Smith insists that the Democrats' new panel will not be used to delay Reagan appointments "capriciously." But Randall Rader, an aide to Senator Orrin Hatch (himself often mentioned as a possible Supreme Court nominee), fears "they will try to kill by process of delay the nomination of any judge they don't like. They'll just delay until they [the judges] give up." He adds, "The key constitutional point here is that any small group making these decisions is hardly the advice and consent of the Senate." —MIKE FUMENTO

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FROM MILLIKEN

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MICHAEL FUMENTO: SOME DARE CALL THEM...
ROBBER BARONS

UNDER THE TIGHT-FISTED fiscal management of the Reagan Administration, farm subsidies have grown from an annoying but obscure incidence of creeping socialism to perhaps the juiciest boondoggle around. Indeed, if you have been contemplating making money the old-fashioned way—by buying, or at least time-sharing, a few federal office-holders—you might do well to ignore the considerable, but dangerously well-publicized, attractions of selling paper clips to the Pentagon and think of becoming a horny-handed son of the soil, or at least getting to know a few.

It is popularly believed, of course, that the farmers are all going broke, or would be except for Willie Nelson and the $30 billion we spent on them last year. Some are, though the percentage of farms that fail every year does not greatly differ from the percentage of American business failures generally. The sudden halt to inflation crippled quite a few farmers who had bought land they couldn't afford, and the sheer increase in productivity continues to reduce the number of farmers we need, as it has done since the birth of the Industrial Revolution. Another significant, and less widely noticed, factor is that the explosion in price supports and protectionism has so raised the price of American farm products that we have been losing international markets. The Department of Agriculture recently estimated that eliminating price supports would cause a genuine boom in demand for U.S. farm products. Indeed, though the Reagan years have brought a staggering increase in farm subsidies, it is difficult to remember a time when farmers have felt themselves so threatened. Which raises the question: If the enormous sums we are spending on the farmers aren't helping the farmers, or at least not all of them, who got our $30 billion?

Multimillionaire Dwayne O. Andreas has been called the Armand Hammer of agriculture. A decade ago *Fortune* magazine called him a "fascinating executive type, a shrewd, tough-minded trader with the attitudes of a questing intellectual, the persuasive talents of a master salesman, and the zeal of a missionary . . ." Gregg Potvin, a Washington lawyer and onetime adversary of Andreas, says, "I've seen him on [Capitol] Hill and he's so effective it's scary." Andreas has also been blessed with friends in high places, such as the late Senator Hubert H. Humphrey. And in the highest of places. Three months before Mikhail Gorbachev took office, Andreas held a personal audience with the soon-to-be Soviet premier. When then-House Speaker Tip O'Neill met the new General Secretary of the Soviet Communist Party, Gorbachev supposedly greeted him with the question, "Do you know my good friend Dwayne Andreas?"

At 68, Andreas is president and largest stockholder of the nation's largest agricultural processing concern, Archer-Daniels-Midland (ADM), based in Decatur, Illinois. Last year, ADM showed net sales of more than $5 billion from products including oil from soybeans, sunflowers, cottonseeds, peanuts, and linseeds. It refines corn, mills wheat, merchandises grain, and sells two lines of pasta. But most importantly, it is the nation's largest producer of gasohol and high-fructose corn syrup, two products that would be almost non-existent in this country without massive government interference. For like the robber barons of yore, who, though they went down in history as products of laissez-faire, were actually masterly manipulators of government power, Dwayne Andreas could not have done it without a little help from his friends. Andreas is just one, though one of the biggest, of many American millionaires who realize that for the modern robber baron, the agriculture program—with its big budget that emphasizes grants and subsidies over federal employees, its thick cover of save-the-family-farm sentimentalism, the obscurity and relative flexibility of its regulations, and its relative lack of oversight, particularly from the press—is where the money is.

Conceived in the dark days of the oil crisis, mass pro-

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duction of gasohol (a 9 to 1 mixture of gasoline and grain alcohol, usually distilled from corn) was intended to give the United States a homegrown alternative to dependence on increasingly expensive imported petroleum. Like nearly all the other synfuels that were suggested in those days, gasohol was an economic albatross, so expensive to produce that the free market would not have supported it unless oil had gotten a lot more expensive than it did during the worst of the energy crunch. Yet, unlike nearly all the other synfuels, gasohol thrived, and not only when oil prices were high. Though petroleum prices began to slide in 1980, grain-alcohol production grew from almost zero in 1978 to 120 million gallons in 1982. In 1985, in the middle of an oil glut, more than 625 million gallons were produced and blended with some six billion gallons of gasoline, accounting for 7.3 per cent of total gasoline sales.

The explanation is massive government subsidies, lobbied for both by corn farmers and by large agricultural concerns such as ADM. The total subsidies are impossible to quantify because at various times the gasohol industry has been the beneficiary of such difficult to measure benefits as massive protection against foreign competitors and of sporadic giveaways of federal grain surpluses. But the minimum figure is approximately ninety cents per gallon of grain alcohol, mostly in the form of state and federal tax breaks for gasohol, amounting to about ten cents per gallon. According to Jim McCarthy of the Federal Highway Administration, the grain-alcohol subsidy cost the Federal Government's highway trust fund an estimated $480 million in 1986 and cost the state-highway trust funds an estimated $225 million in 1984, the last year for which figures are available.

Archer-Daniels-Midland made an estimated gross profit of $483 million from July 1985 to July 1986, of which $36 million, or approximately 7.5 per cent, came from grain alcohol. But this is only the beginning of the story. For the subsidies to gasohol have helped create another industry, which, aided by its very own government supports, makes more than seven times as much money for ADM as gasohol itself—high-fructose corn syrup (HFCS). HFCS, like other corn-based sweeteners, has been around for a long time. But only with the boom of the gasohol industry in the late 1970s did it become the most important of them. In 1975, corn refiners produced only half a million tons of HFCS. By 1980 this had jumped to 2.2 million tons and by 1985 to 5.1 million tons. The explanation is simple—the "wet milling" grain-alcohol plants whose construction was subsidized by the gasohol scam are excellent for producing HFCS. Thus HFCS facilities were significantly financed by the gasohol subsidies. Also, like all corn sweeteners, HFCS benefits from sugar price supports and tariffs that keep U.S. sugar prices as much as three times as high as the world market price. The Washington lobbyists for corn refiners are among the most powerful and effective advocates for sugar price supports. Of eight enclosures in a recent press packet produced by the Corn Refiners Association, five were devoted to encouraging sugar price supports.

ADM made $267 million from corn sweeteners in 1985-86. HFCS and grain alcohol provided its two most comfortable profit margins of 21.5 per cent and 8 per cent respectively, compared to 6 per cent for flour milling. But for the subsidies to those two products, ADM would not be the empire it is today. Indeed, without the security of those subsidies it might not exist.

No one believes that gasohol in itself is a worthwhile product. And massive government subsidies to multimillionaire businessmen hardly make a compelling political package. Thus the subsidies are usually justified as aid to the farmers; it is on behalf of the threatened farmers that the lobbyists plead and the politicians lend their support. This too is a scam. As the corn refiners' advocacy of sugar price supports suggests, apparent aid for a particular farm product frequently serves interests contrary to those of the producers or marketers of that product. Subsidies and tariffs are arranged not to benefit the American farmer generally but farmers in favored businesses and industrial empires such as ADM.

If only the interests of the corn farmers were at stake it would be cheaper to give them direct cash subsidies: A Department of Agriculture study has concluded that the combined cost of gasohol subsidies and increased food prices cost consumers several billion dollars more than corn farmers are receiving as a result of the gasohol program. Moreover, the gasohol program has clearly hurt

Michael LaBash

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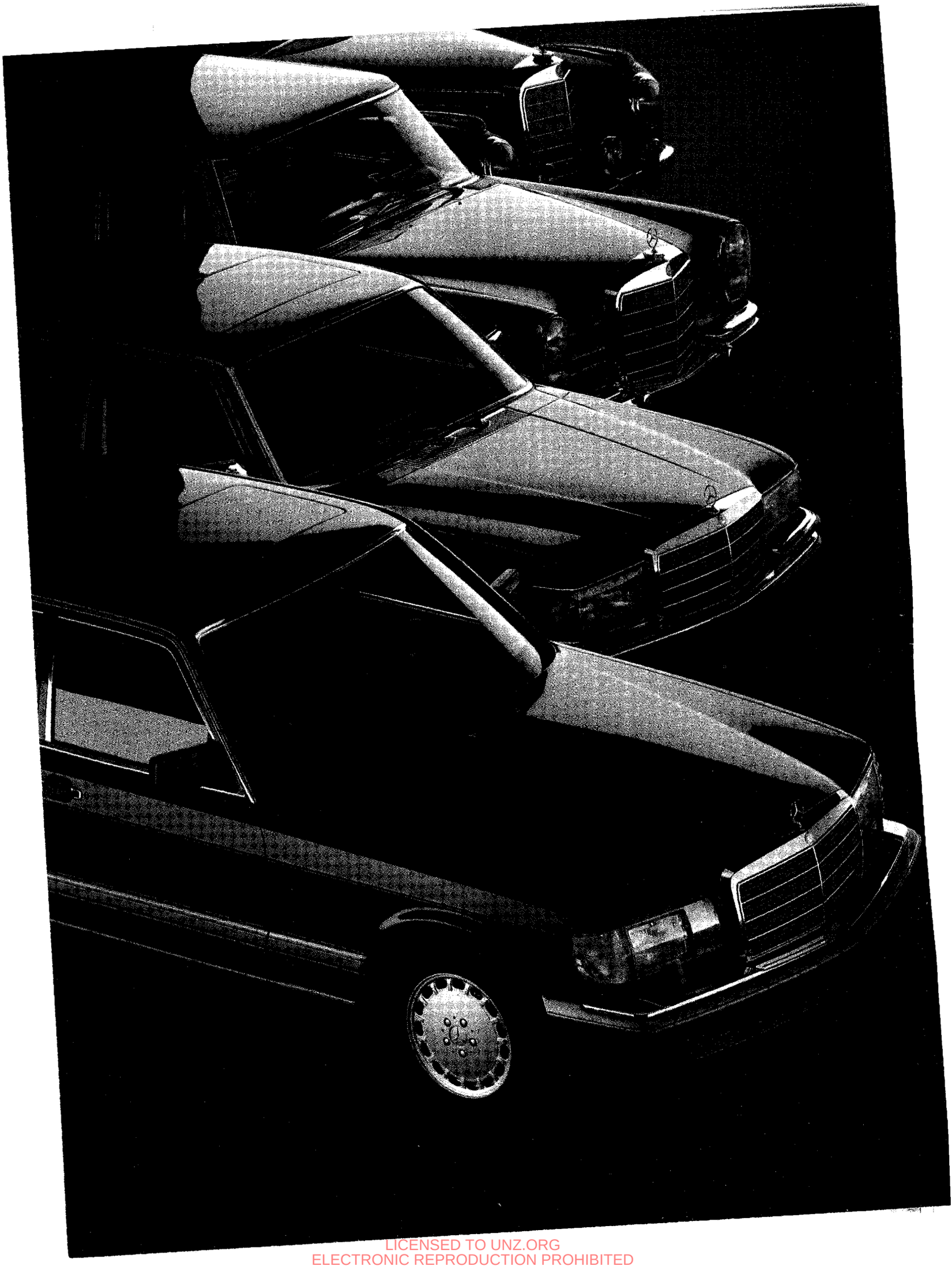

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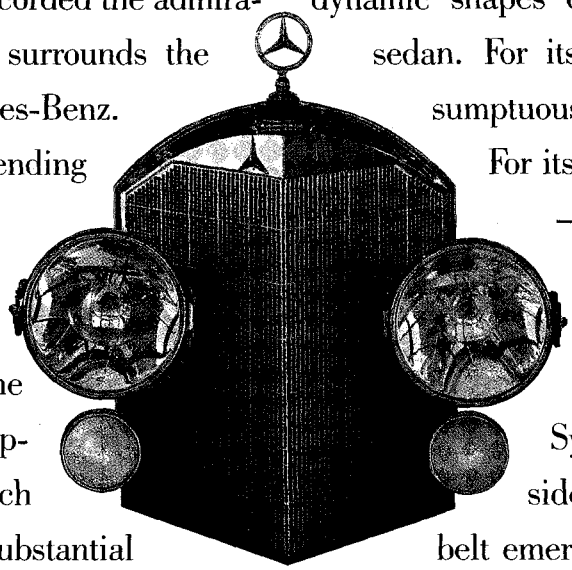
THE MERCEDES-BENZ S-CLASS AND THE MYSTIQUE OF THE "BIG MERCEDES."

From era to era over the decades, few automobile series have been accorded the admiration verging on awe that surrounds the premier sedans of Mercedes-Benz.



Shown in descending order at left are examples dating from 1955 to 1963 to 1972 to the 1987 S-Class sedan in the foreground. The "big Mercedes," they are popularly called. Not so much in tribute to their size—substantial but never excessive—as to their prowess. Powerful in a silky way, baronially comfortable rather than garishly luxurious, a big Mercedes manages to blend the dignity of a limousine with what one journal terms "the innate ability to leap yawning stretches of landscape in single, effortless bounds." The big sedan as marathoner, in brief. With the stamina to endlessly devour the miles on any highway in the world, at a pace that might exhaust the drivers of lesser cars. If not the cars themselves.

A big Mercedes of any era is remarkable. The current series, the S-Class, is the most remarkable yet. For its choice of three models, crowned by the 5.6-liter gasoline V-8 560SEL. For one of the slipperiest aerodynamic shapes ever bestowed on a large sedan. For its library quiet within 100 sumptuous cubic feet of living space. For its brilliant use of electronics —to activate its Anti-lock Braking System (ABS), for example. And to deploy its Supplemental Restraint System (SRS)—with driver's-side air bag and front seat belt emergency tensioning retractors —within a fraction of a second of a major frontal impact.

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To drive an S-Class sedan is to partake of one of the timeless motoring traditions. More important, it is to experience a synthesis of high performance and high refinement matched by no other automobile.

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Massive subsidies to rich businessmen don't make a good political package, so it is on behalf of threatened farmers that gasohol lobbyists plead and politicians lend their support. But subsidies benefit not farmers, but industrial empires like ADM

wheat and soybean farmers. Soybean farmers have suffered because grain-alcohol by-products entering the market as a result of subsidized gasohol production have significantly depressed soybean prices. American tariffs on Brazilian grain alcohol have discouraged Brazil from opening its huge wheat market to American wheat farmers. Moreover, ADM and other gasohol producers have even received government favors at the expense of corn farmers: The Federal Government has given gasohol producers huge donations of federally owned corn surpluses, thus weakening the corn market. As the robber barons knew, in a government-manipulated market only the professional manipulators of government are sure winners.

ADM's political-action committee, Dwayne Andreas, and members of Andreas's family have pumped more than $500,000 into the campaign coffers of various individual Republican and Democratic lawmakers since 1979. Key gasohol supporters who have received these funds include House Minority Leader Robert Michel (R., Ill.), at least $15,000; Senator David Durenberger (R., Minn.), $14,347; Senator James Exon (D., Neb.), $4,500; and Representative Richard Durbin (D., Ill.), $6,750. Former Senator Charles Percy (R., Ill.) received at least $20,000 from the ADM PAC and an additional $5,000 from various Andreases.

Ideology and partisanship have no connection to the Andreas-ADM contributions. Strong conservatives such as Senators Jesse Helms (R., N.C.), Gordon Humphrey (R., N.H.), and Phil Gramm (R., Tex.) have all received Andreas-ADM funds, as have liberals such as former House Speaker Tip O'Neill, Senator Tom Harkin (D., Iowa), and Representative Thomas Downey (D., N.Y.). Often Andreas will fund opposing candidates in a race. Even while ADM and Andreas were bankrolling Percy in his Senate re-election bid, the Andreases gave his opponent, Democrat Paul Simon, $5,000 with an additional $1,000 kicked in by the ADM PAC to boot.

Andreas's bet-hedging also extends to the Executive Office. In 1972 he contributed $150,000 to Democratic presidential hopeful Hubert Humphrey, while at the same time heavily financing the campaign of Richard Nixon. Twenty-five thousand dollars of the contribution to Nixon was to prove highly embarrassing to Andreas, as it ended up as a cashier's check in the bank account of Watergate burglar Bernard Barker, providing investigators with the first link between the break-in and the Nixon campaign committee.

In the last presidential race, ADM and the Andreases contributed to President Reagan's campaign, as well as those of Walter Mondale, Senator Ernest Hollings (D., S.C.), former Florida Governor Reuben Askew, and Jesse Jackson.

There is nothing illegal or even necessarily improper about such contributions, though the Watergate connection is a bit embarrassing. It is simply not possible to buy a representative or senator, or at least not one worth owning, for the modest sums allowed contributors under current law. If, like Andreas and many other large contributors, you are in a position to combine personal, corporate, and family contributions, you can make more of an impact, but it's still not easy to buy a vote that runs flatly contrary to all of the congressman's interests other than your check. If (regardless of the details of economic reality) gasohol and HFCS weren't vaguely and generally understood to be serving the interests of American farmers, and if the price-support system weren't vigorously supported by nearly all the constituents and contributors of the politicians ADM helps, it would not have been possible for Dwayne Andreas to create them. Rather, a good robber baron finds his golden gods in the details. Contributions, friendships, a dynamic and glamorous personality, and a good lobbying organization all can provide access to the people and the meetings that settle those details.

In 1980, despite the enormous subsidies it was already getting, American gasohol was being undersold by Brazilian gasohol. American gasohol producers lobbied for a tariff, but the Justice Department, the office of the Special Trade Representative, and the Treasury Department objected on the grounds that a tariff would raise costs to consumers, provoke retaliation from Brazil, and grant too much power to ADM. On October 7, in the White House, Jimmy Carter hosted a small luncheon for campaign contributors including Dwayne Andreas. Former ADM lobbyist Joseph Karth, who was at the meeting, told me that Andreas told Carter he would announce plans for a big new grain-alcohol plant in Iowa if the Administration would guarantee the plant's profitability by imposing the tariff. Obviously the news would have helped the Carter campaign in Iowa. On the other hand, Karth adamantly denies that ADM was extorting political favors. "No guarantee was elicited," he says. In the last week of the election campaign Carter overruled his advisors and ordered Treasury Secretary G. William Miller to impose a tariff, by administrative means if necessary. On October 31, ADM announced the new plant, but canceled its plans after the election. ADM later gave a top Carter campaign official who was instrumental in the October deal a seat on its board, hired Carter's son, and bought the former President's peanut warehouse for $1.2 million, though there is no evidence that any of these later actions were a payoff for the tariff.

As it happens, the 1980 tariff didn't have to be imposed administratively. It was imposed by Congress, having been introduced by Senator Robert Dole as an amendment to a complicated revenue bill, and rammed through the Senate Finance Committee and the full Senate without debate, as

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often happens with such provisions. The original tariff phased in a forty-cent per-gallon import charge over three years. It has since been raised to 3 per cent of value plus sixty cents per gallon, successfully holding imports to about seventy million gallons a year.

The most virulent opponent of the Dole tariff was then-Representative Charles A. Vanik (D., Ohio), who denounced it as the "birth of a new monopoly" and a "steal for the benefit of one company," Archer-Daniels-Midland. Vanik in particular questioned the propriety of Dole's sponsorship of the amendment in light of ADM's heavy contributions to his campaign coffers.

Dole had sponsored the original 1978 amendment providing a federal tax break for gasohol and has since sponsored at least 23 other bills designed to promote the product. Also, between 1981 and 1985 he sponsored or co-sponsored five different bills that set or served to maintain sugar price supports, thus assisting HFCS producers. (Only two of the bills concerned sugar exclusively.) ADM and the Andreases have been major Dole contributors for some time. As of January 31, 1987, they had contributed $15,750 to Dole's senatorial and presidential campaign committees over the years, more than to any current member of Congress. In 1983, Dole also took three free trips on ADM airplanes to Midwest speaking engagements. Also, for the last three years ADM and Mobil Oil have co-sponsored *Face-Off*, a daily three-minute radio debate between Dole and Senator Edward Kennedy. *Face-Off* is distributed by the Mutual Broadcasting Network to more than 160 stations, most of which run it in good time slots. A spokesman for Mutual loosely estimated the cost of sponsoring the show at about $1,000 per day—about $780,000 over three years. If ADM paid half, and if we cut that figure in half again to allow for Kennedy's time, ADM has provided Dole about $195,000 worth of national radio time for the past three years. To be sure, such time may not be as valuable as equivalent time in campaign commercials scheduled by Dole's managers would be, but it is a substantial benefit.

Dole answered Vanik in 1980 and has answered other subsequent critics with a not unpersuasive argument—no one needs to bribe him to support the farmers. As the senior senator from Kansas and the Senate leader of the party most dependent on farm-state votes, supporting the farmers is his job. In advocating the 1980 tariff, Dole claimed that it was supported by a vast majority of senators and that the "flood" of Brazilian alcohol "threatened to wash away the infant U.S. gasohol industry," thus damaging U.S. corn growers.

In 1984, Dole was part of a successful lobbying effort to persuade the U.S. Customs Service to tighten some loopholes through which certain blends of Brazilian grain alcohol were seeping. He was joined in that effort by several other senators, the Secretary of Agriculture, the Corn Growers Association, and Archer-Daniels-Midland. In response to *Washington Post* reporter Michael Isikoff's questions about his efforts Dole said, "Our primary goal was not to help any one company. I'm a farm-state senator, and our interest was in finding an outlet for some farm commodities . . . I don't know anything about ADM."

But once again, the truth is in the details, for, as I hinted above, Dole was not doing even his own Kansas farmers nearly as much good as gasohol producers apparently persuaded him he was.

According to USDA calculations, on average, each hundred-million-bushel increase in demand for corn for grain-alcohol production increases corn prices by two to four cents a bushel. But the resulting by-products reduce soybean demand and cut soybean prices by 12 to 13 cents per hundredweight. In cash value of annual production, soybeans are almost as important to Kansas as corn.

Kansas's biggest crop is wheat, worth four times as much to the state as its corn crop. Brazil is the world's fifth largest importer of wheat. In 1984, when Dole was urging that loopholes for Brazilian gasohol be closed, there were clear, if unspecific, warnings that Brazil might retaliate with higher trade barriers. That did not happen. In 1985, however, the Brazilian minister of Industry and Commerce, Roberto Gusmão, suggested that if the U.S. would relax import restrictions against Brazilian grain alcohol, Brazil would make corresponding trade concessions. One suggested concession was that Brazil would increase its allocation for wheat from the United States. Another suggestion was that Brazil would buy the corn for the increased grain-alcohol production from U.S. farmers, which, since it would have provided farmers with competing buy-

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The robber barons of a hundred years ago were men of daring and imagination who tied a nation together with rails of steel and who built the greatest industrial economy on earth. Today's robber barons make gasohol and corn syrup

ers, might have more than made up for any diminution in the American grain-alcohol industry.

The proposed deal fell through, in part, because a sudden drop in oil prices destabilized the gasohol market, but also because of intense lobbying. The U.S. Ambassador to Brazil, Diego Asencio, told me: "My understanding was that this ran afoul of the objectives of Archer-Daniels-Midland. The minister came back crestfallen, convinced he had been torpedoed by Archer-Daniels." Dole's support for the tariff has never wavered, though it is not clear that he was directly involved in the 1985 negotiations.

The subsidy for gasohol reached new heights last summer when the Agriculture Department announced that it would be providing $70 million in corn from federal stockpiles, free of charge, to gasohol producers. (In the end, only $53.8 million worth of corn was actually dispensed.) Given an average sale price of $2.40 per bushel (based on market quotes from the *Wall Street Journal*) and USDA's complex formula for sharing out the surplus among existing production, the giveaway added about 27 cents per gallon (of grain alcohol) to the subsidy. That brought the total quantifiable subsidy (excluding the value of import restrictions) to $1.35 per gallon at a time gasoline was wholesaling for approximately 55 cents a gallon.

The grain transfer was permitted, though not required, by legislation passed in 1985. The decision releasing the corn came from Agriculture Secretary Richard Lyng just two days after Lyng held a breakfast conference with Dwayne Andreas and Martin Sorkin, ADM's Washington lobbyist, both of whom, he told me, are "personal friends." Lyng says the grain transfer was not discussed. He also says that though he was not aware how much of the transferred grain would go to ADM, he "knew they'd get quite a lot. Sure, they're the largest [grain-alcohol producer]."

USDA figures released in January of this year indicated that of the $53.8 million giveaway, ADM received $29.23 million, or just over 54 per cent. According to Robert Milton, a USDA staff economist, that payment to ADM may be the largest one-time subsidy the USDA has ever given to a single agricultural producer. "The $29 million transfer is the largest subsidy I know of to any one individual," Milton told me.

Lyng has claimed that he approved the giveaway out of fear that declining gasoline prices would force many small grain-alcohol producers out of business, crippling an industry that used two hundred million bushels of corn in 1985. But Lyng's fears seem to have been cultivated as much by giant ADM as by any small producer. In an interview with *Washington Post* reporter Michael Isikoff, Andreas said that despite a huge increase in earnings in early 1986, the company had been suffering problems. Indeed, Andreas told Isikoff, he had told Lyng he was contemplating closing some or all of his grain-alcohol plants. (However, in late 1985 ADM announced plans to increase its grain-alcohol capacity by 200 million gallons per year.)

Likewise, in keeping with the tradition that multimillion-dollar giveaways to huge corporations and their multimillionaire owners must always be justified as benefits to the downtrodden, Lyng expressed his concern that without the giveaway gasohol workers might end up on the unemployment lines. As an unemployment program, though, the giveaway would not get high marks for efficiency. ADM does not publish figures showing how many of its employees are involved in gasohol production. But if the percentage of ADM workers so employed even roughly parallels the 8 per cent of ADM's net sales that come from grain alcohol, the corn giveaway was worth between $30,000 and $40,000 per employee.

Lyng's protests that he was only doing it to help the little guy out of a tough spot are contradicted by the office of Senator Edward Zorinsky (D., Neb.), who originated the grain-giveaway provision. I asked Rick Pasco, a Zorinsky aide, if the transfer would not simply cause grain-alcohol producers to cancel $53 million in corn purchases, thus actually hurting corn farmers. No, he said, that wasn't the point. The transfer wasn't meant as a one-time bailout but as a continuing program. The intent was for grain-alcohol producers to use the free grain as "collateral" for "new facilities," thus expanding total production. So much for the little guy.

In American myth the age of the robber barons was a time of capitalism run amuck, historical proof that unscrupulous profiteers would destroy the economy and the nation unless restrained by the benign hand of government. Closer study reveals that it was the power of government that transformed many a small-time operator into a little emperor of commerce by destroying less well-connected competitors. A maze of unequally applied regulations, the huge land grants for the railroaders, and numerous government-supported cartels and monopolies all favored sharp dealing over efficient production.

Nevertheless, the robber barons of that age were men of daring and imagination who tied a nation together with rails of steel and who built the greatest industrial economy on earth. Compare their accomplishments to gasohol and corn syrup. In an age in which it seems one can get a subsidy for any product, so long as it is clearly inferior to an unsubsidized competitor already on the market, being a robber baron seems a bit less challenging. Perhaps Andreas and the many like him don't even deserve the title of "robber baron," unless it is the synthetic type, made of a bizarre combination of soybean by-products and vegetable oils, expensive and not very interesting, but high in polyunsaturated fats. □

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RUNNING THE RIGHTS SCAM AT DOE

AMERICA'S PUBLIC SCHOOLS give higher status to the value of "equality" than do schools in countries run by avowed Marxists. It is easier here than anywhere else in the world to use equality as an excuse for mediocrity. One reason is that we have established entire educational institutions that specialize in disguising education issues as civil-rights issues. Probably the most important of these is an obscure but powerful unit of the U.S. Department of Education called the Office for Civil Rights (OCR).

With 832 staffers, OCR commands about one-fifth of the department's total manpower, strategically deployed in ten regional offices that investigate and "advise" schools and colleges. Many of this unit's decisions would never survive referenda among the very groups it claims to protect. Ignoring the "back to basics" preferences of most black and Hispanic families, it has tried to mandate bilingual instruction, outlaw father-son social events, forbid school dress codes that distinguish between boys and girls, and crack down on standardized tests and on schools that group children by academic ability. It intimidates principals who suspend unruly students, prohibits single-sex gym classes—and forces colleges to finance abortions.

With all this, OCR has never yet fully exercised the powers it theoretically claims. But its advances outnumber its retreats. The test for the Reagan Administration is not whether it is enforcing OCR's regulations more "reasonably," but whether it is preventing future excesses by dismantling regulations that grossly distort the civil-rights laws. Except for one overrated court decision, the Administration flunks that test. OCR is ready for a Hart or Cuomo Administration to continue the agenda that Jimmy Carter left unfinished.

OCR's hunting license is Title 34, Subtitle B, Chapter I of the Code of Federal Regulations—eighty-odd fine-print pages that purport to interpret about four paragraphs of civil-rights law. Every word of this text was written in the 1960s or 1970s—mostly by OCR lawyers committed to feminism and racial quotas. Ronald Reagan's appointees have made only one substantive change; even that one was initiated by the Carter Administration when Joseph Califano decided that regulating school dress codes was "nonsense."

OCR's regulations are extraordinarily detailed—especially in pushing what Cornell political scientist Jeremy Rabkin calls "unisex totalitarianism." A foreigner reading these regulations could easily conclude that Americans fought a civil war over sex, not slavery.

IF ENFORCED to the hilt, the regulations would bar any community, outside of a few enclaves such as Greenwich Village, from running schools that reflect its cultural preferences. The regulations forbid schools to separate the sexes in any course, except for contact sports, sex education, and choruses "based on vocal range or quality." They command schools and colleges to provide "equal athletic opportunity" for both sexes, and they insist that colleges treat "termination of pregnancy . . . in the same manner . . . as any other temporary disability."

On racial questions, lawyer and psychologist Barbara Lerner of Princeton, New Jersey, observes that OCR "did some good work in the 1960s, when the issue was real, hard-core segregation in the South." But its current writ, composed by what she calls "a biracial gang of bureaucrats, politicians, and street hustlers who make their livings off rhetoric about racist America," embraces the "race-conscious" strategies that became fashionable in the late 1960s and 1970s. It openly invites schools to engage in preferential treatment: "Even though an applicant or recipient [of Department of Education grants] has never used discriminatory policies . . . [its] services and benefits . . . may not in fact be equally available to some racial or nationality groups. In such circumstances . . . [it] may properly give special consideration to race, color, or national origin."

OCR is "obsessed with numbers," says one Reaganite official in the Department of Education. Its regulations show it: "A vocational education center . . . will be presumed unlawfully segregated if . . . it has since its construction been attended primarily by members of one race, national origin, or sex." Are the students' choices free? Do authorities deliberately steer them by race? The regulations do not even acknowledge such issues: Both implicitly and explicitly, they reduce justice to statistics. The official likens OCR to Robert McNamara's Pentagon: Its "best and brightest" are "caught in their own machinery" of body counts.

Some civil-rights veterans now seem to agree. Charles Glenn of the Massachusetts Department of Education—one of the principal architects of busing in Boston—observes that "we keep trying to repeat our successes, when the payoff is smaller and smaller . . . you can't batter down the doors when the doors are already down." Now a supporter of parental choice in education, he suggests that "the time has come for those of us who are committed to racial justice and to the interests of poor children to consider laying to rest the strategies which served us well in the 1960s and even more recently." But Glenn's message has yet to reach egalitarian zealots such as

Mr. Uzzell, an editorial writer for Scripps Howard newspapers, has been covering education issues from inside and outside the government for more than a decade.

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Representative Ted Weiss (D., N.Y.). Last year a Weiss subcommittee issued a report condemning even the Reagan Administration's modest changes in OCR for "refusing to fully use its authorized powers of enforcement."

In one sense Weiss is right. OCR has never fully enforced its own regulations—which go far beyond the scope "authorized" by law—for if it did, parents and educators would revolt. Consider, for example, the OCR requirement that gym classes be co-ed. Once assured that her identity will remain concealed, a Rocky Mountain school official cheerfully reports that her state does not obey and never has obeyed OCR's 11-year-old regulation. She says that in the 1970s the agency was "Gestapo-like" on other issues, but apparently never foolhardy enough to insist on this one.

Sometimes, however, OCR wins without firing a shot. The Arlington, Virginia, school district, for instance, did co-educate its gym classes even though OCR had made no attempt to enforce its regulation. When parents sought to restore all-boy and all-girl gym classes, the school board refused—despite a poll showing that most gym teachers favored at least letting children choose between mixed and unmixed sessions. Some suggested grouping children by athletic ability—which would not have violated OCR's regulations—but the school board used the regulations as an excuse for doing nothing.

The Arlington experience shows how hard it is to reverse OCR's "reforms" once they are entrenched. The agency has forced schools to build elaborate systems based on its ultra-egalitarian assumptions, and those systems now have their own momentum. Every Department of Education grantee, for example, must appoint an affirmative-action officer—whose power and status depend on perpetuating the OCR mentality.

Though empowered to withhold federal subsidies, OCR prefers what it calls "negotiation." To outsiders this looks a lot more like "intimidation"; Barbara Lerner calls it "bullying totally innocent institutions." Educators must take time away from running their own programs to placate outsiders. Often they are caught in squeeze plays between OCR and their own zealots, such as faculty members who file discrimination complaints just before they come up for tenure. And at every moment their treasuries and reputations are threatened by the prospect of losing their federal grants. The path of least resistance is to convert to the OCR mentality—to start thinking like a lawyer or statistician, not like an educator.

Though it can withhold subsidies, OCR prefers what it calls 'negotiation.' To outsiders this looks more like 'intimidation.' The path of least resistance is to convert to the OCR mentality

Some of Reagan's appointees have challenged that mentality. William Bradford Reynolds, civil-rights chief at the Department of Justice, has pushed hard to restore the "color-blind" philosophy that originally inspired the 1964 Civil Rights Act. But his counterparts at the Department of Education—such as Harry Singleton, head of OCR for most of Reagan's first term—have proved unwilling to push equally hard. Reynolds and Singleton repeatedly clashed over cases of alleged discrimination.

One such case involved elementary schools in Dillon, South Carolina. Singleton asked the Department of Justice to sue Dillon "because a considerable number of regular school classes are racially identifiable, due to the method used by the district for ability grouping." Though later OCR memos conceded that the district "has not intentionally resegregated its classrooms" and that its practices were based on "valid educational and administrative reasons," OCR wanted to make Dillon use "less racially disproportionate methods." Reynolds rejected Singleton's recommendation, but OCR is still trying to cut off federal aid through administrative proceedings.

Singleton's OCR ruled California's community-college system guilty of discriminating against women and minorities in apprenticeship training. His agents did not try to prove that the state deliberately excluded minority applicants, but relied purely on statistics. Since "minority students made up 26.4 per cent of the 20,268 apprentices in the community colleges, compared with 33.1 per cent of the general state population," OCR demanded that California establish quotas to eliminate this "under-representation."

The California case directly undermined Reynolds's campaign against numerical "effects tests." OCR's approach to integrating state universities undermined his opposition to preferential treatment. In 1983 Singleton sent letters to the governors of Florida and Georgia demanding "additional measures" beyond those their university systems had already accepted. He enclosed a document suggesting "sample measures for increasing black enrollment," such as designating a fixed sum every year "for scholarships for black graduate and professional students. At least 50 per cent of this money will be earmarked for students pursuing degrees in fields in which black students are under-represented . . ."

As Reynolds observed in a blistering memo to the Department of Education, "Such a set-aside of scholarship funds, available only to members of one race without regard to whether they are victims of discrimination, is . . . offensive to the principle of nondiscrimination that this Administration has so staunchly defended."

OCR demands in Florida and Georgia were particularly serious because they strengthened an assault on academic freedom that has been under way for nearly two decades. The key tool of this assault has been a legal action called the *Adams* case, which exploited a paradox of contemporary jurisprudence: If you want to make big government bigger, sue it. In 1970, the *Adams* plaintiffs claimed to be victims of discrimination in schooling, but instead of suing schools they sued the Federal Government—arguing that OCR was not doing enough to enforce the civil-rights laws. With the NAACP Legal Defense Fund on one side and the feds on the other, the court's attention was virtually monopolized by those who wanted a more interventionist OCR, shielded from the democratic process. From 1973 to

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1983 District Judge John Pratt issued a series of orders with just that effect. In Rabkin's words, these orders placed an all-too-willing OCR in "judicial receivership."

In 1978, OCR "obeyed" one of the orders by publishing one of the most dishonest documents ever to appear in the *Federal Register*. This document, entitled "Revised criteria specifying the ingredients of acceptable plans to desegregate state systems of public higher education," assured educators that "these criteria seek to preserve and protect academic standards of excellence" and that they "need not and should not lead to lowering academic standards." But in the very same paragraph, OCR decreed that "under these criteria and the goals they set, all applicants must be able to compete successfully . . . States may need to innovate in seeking out talented students who will profit from higher education. They may need to broaden definitions of potential; to discount the effects of early disadvantage on the development of academic competence; and to broaden the talents measured in admissions tests. But new and different yardsticks for measuring potential are not lower yardsticks. They can be more valid measures of true potential and talent."

The "revised criteria" insisted that "these goals are *not* quotas. The department is opposed to arbitrary quotas." But three pages later OCR filled in the details: The proportion of black high-school graduates entering a state's four-year colleges shall equal the proportion of white graduates. An individual campus that would have three thousand black freshmen if enrollments were perfectly proportional, but now has only one thousand, shall raise the number to two thousand within five years. Graduate schools shall enroll black alumni of the state's colleges in the same proportions as whites—and this goal "shall be separately stated for each major field of graduate and professional study." At each institution, having completed "the desegregation process"—even though these states stopped excluding blacks from their campuses a generation ago.

What the *Adams* case was to Jimmy Carter's OCR, the Supreme Court's 1984 *Grove City* ruling was to Ronald Reagan's—a chance to change key policies while pleading, "The judge made us do it." But Reagan's people failed to take full advantage of their opportunity.

If the feds can regulate a school that merely enrolls students who get subsidies, then they can also regulate grocers whose customers get Social Security checks

Grove City College, a private liberal-arts institution in Pennsylvania, challenged OCR on two crucial principles. First: Can the feds regulate a school that gets no direct federal subsidies, but merely enrolls students who get such subsidies? Second: Can they regulate every program at a school, not just the programs that get federal subsidies?

Though it affects fewer schools in the short run, the first of these questions is by far the more important. If the answer is yes—as OCR has always assumed—then in principle Washington can also regulate grocers whose customers receive Social Security checks, and perhaps even churches that enjoy tax exemptions. If the government can treat its indirect beneficiaries just like its direct beneficiaries, the public and private sectors become indistinguishable—as in totalitarian regimes.

One Reaganite alumnus of the Department of Education warns that this principle could make it harder to protect private schools from detailed regulation under voucher or tuition-tax-credit plans. "It is nearly impossible to avoid becoming a federal beneficiary, even when you deliberately try not to be," he observes. "Another outcome is the pushing of people who do not practice the social religion of the government farther and farther out of the mainstream of society by barring them from anything the government funds, regulates, or influences."

But on this first question the Reagan Administration took the same position in court as the Carter Administration. Only on the second question did the Administration break with its predecessors: It agreed with Grove City that a federal research grant to a university's physics department does not automatically entangle, say, that university's sports program.

The Supreme Court ruled 9 to 0 against Grove City College on the first question, but 6 to 3 in its favor on the second. The Reagan Administration, having ceded the most important principle from the start, claimed a total victory.

Will the Reagan years leave OCR completely unreformed? No. The Administration has moved in court to dismiss the *Adams* case and may thus win new opportunities to move away from quotas. It already has discretion to pronounce that a state university system is finally desegregated: Its verdicts on *Adams* states coming up for review will help show how far its commitment to "academic excellence" goes beyond rhetoric. So will its willingness to rewrite OCR's hitherto sacrosanct regulations: One Administration source says that "reasonable regs could be just a few pages long," not eighty.

Reagan's appointees have improved OCR's day-to-day operations—though often in ways a new Administration could easily reverse. The agency no longer subsidizes advocacy groups to advise schools about real or alleged discrimination. Some of its standardized forms demanding information from schools have become shorter and less burdensome. Its backlog of unresolved cases has been trimmed.

Like most of the Department of Education, OCR has become more efficient since 1980. But the Reagan Revolution was supposed to mean more than doing a better job of managing the social revolution imposed by statists. □

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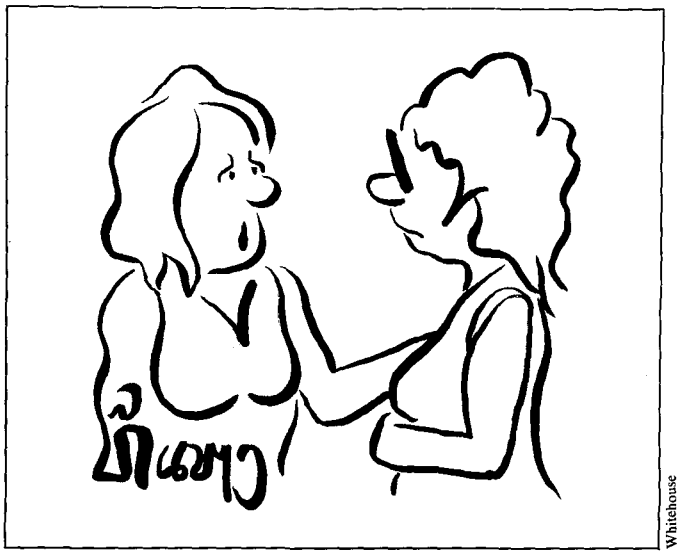
help !!!!

Adam Smith's "Invisible Hand"

In Mexico the poppies grow,
As sweating peasants toil to slow
The repercussions stemming from
Still plummeting petroleum,
While strong American demand
Suggests the planting will expand.

W. H. VON DREELE



Whitehouse

". . . and when he said, 'I'm an ACLU lawyer and I'm marrying your daughter,' it got so quiet you could hear him hit the sidewalk."

Will the last one out of Beirut please turn off the Shiites?

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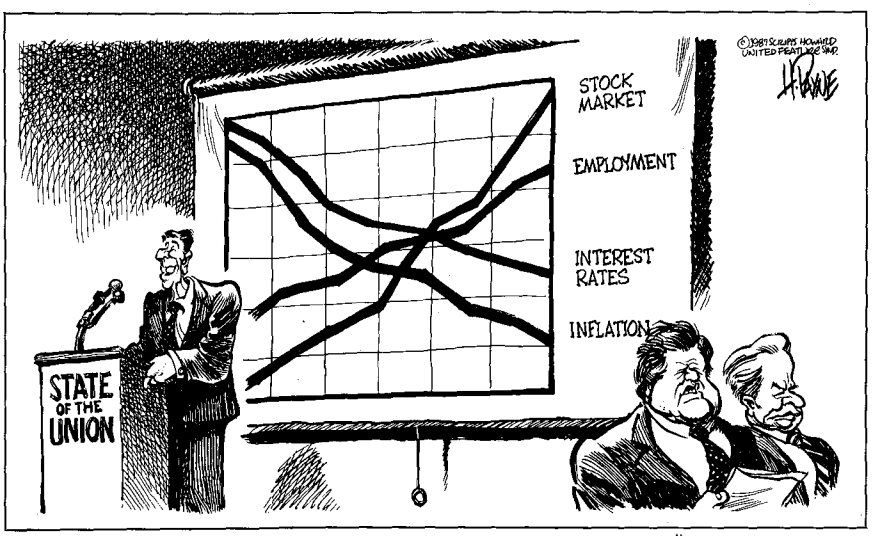
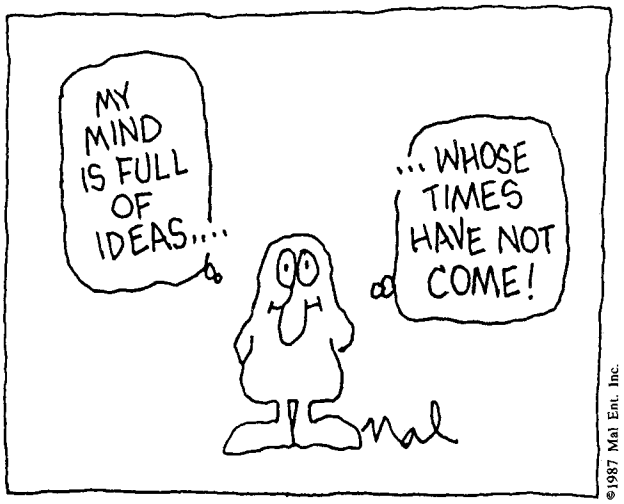
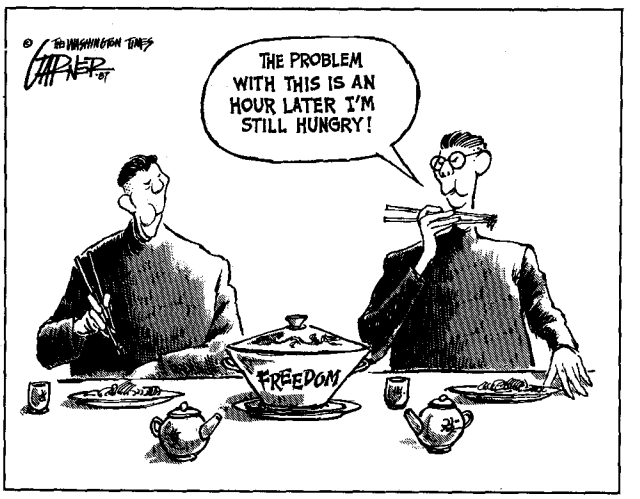
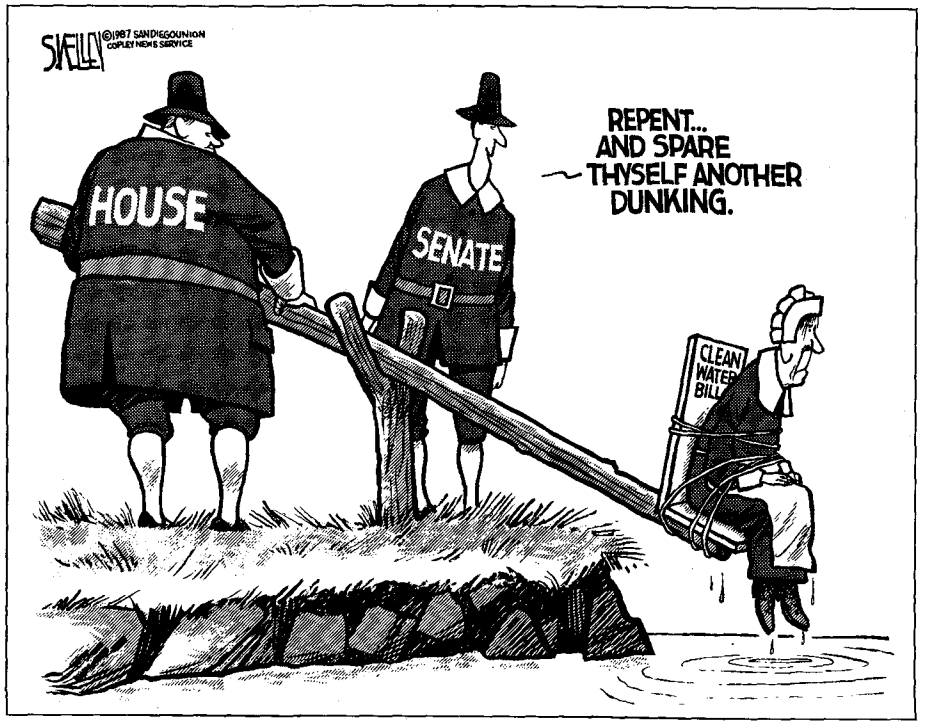


"HO-HUM... JUST MORE OF THE SAME OLD DRIVEL..."







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ABROAD

PRETORIA *Guessing and Fearing*

The national elections announced for early May in South Africa by President P. W. Botha are expected to decide two things, according to diplomatic observers here: what the dominant Afrikaners think about the moral and economic sanctions imposed on their country by the Western community, and whether there can be an opposition within the Boer nation to the National Party. Western pressure on the South African economy has so far amounted to little more than public relations. The divestiture by big American corporations of their local holdings has often only strengthened the power of their South African equivalents, who were able to buy up American investments cheap. The threat of an Afrikaner split is more immediate and could have a far greater effect. In the past, the Afrikaners were rurally based people who worked the land and ran the government, but were not part of the business or financial structure. But now, an urbanized class has come into existence that seeks high corporate rank and salary. These "modern" Afrikaners fear that the 71-year-old backward-looking Botha is not the man to preside over the economic and developmental struggles that face their country. The resignation of the South African ambassador in London, Denis Worrall, crystallized these issues. Worrall, an English-descended South African who has been on the anvil as his country's spokesman in London, is sympathetic with the younger liberals at home. Though it may well be too early for him to run in the May elections, his resignation already makes him a political figure.

PRAGUE *Not-So-Silent Spring*

Members of the Charter 77 group celebrated its tenth anniversary recently by issuing an appeal to their fellow countrymen to overcome apathy and fear and denounce "the disorder in production, public service, and domestic commerce, and the paralysis of bureaucracy." Charter 77 also wants the regime to grant amnesties to political prisoners, notably to the members of the so-called Jazz Section, so that Czechoslovakia will not appear to be "the Brezhnevian fossil" of the socialist camp. Charter 77 has nothing like the power of Solidarity in Poland, composed as it is largely of intellectuals, academics, and officials of former regimes. But diplomatic observers in Prague point out that the Czechs and the Slovaks display a pattern of historic behavior that alternates long periods of seeming passivity with violent and effective upheavals in the name of national independence. The Prague spring of 1968 may be in for a reprise.

HANOI *L'Indochine*

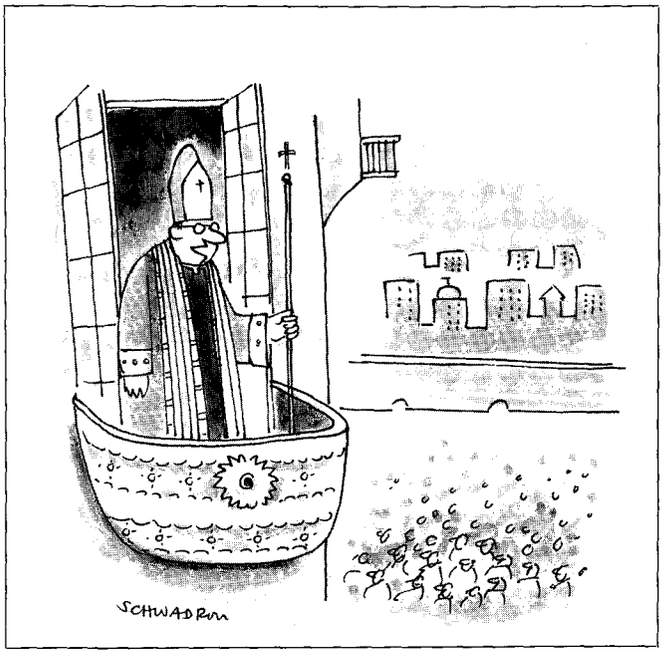
It was just forty years ago that the most convulsive and far-reaching colonial war of modern times had its bloody beginnings in the uprising of Communist-led Vietnamese against their French rulers. For days and weeks, the placid streets of the French colonial city were filled with smoke and fire as the French army slowly regained possession of Hanoi. The worst fighting took place at the citadel, the airfield, and the Paul Doumer Bridge, the "iron dragon" that crossed the Red River to the strategic suburb of Gialam. Ho Chi Minh, the rebel leader, had already concluded an uneasy pact with France on the heels of the departure of Japanese and Chinese occupation troops, under which Vietnam was to be an autonomous republic within the Indochinese Federation and the French Union. But misunderstandings and bad temper scotched what was probably an unworkable treaty. Thus began a war that was to last eight years and cost eighty thousand French lives until the humiliating and final French defeat at Dien Bien Phu in the spring of 1954.

AVIGNON *Under Two Flags*

There has been a marked increase of British soldiers of fortune, according to records at the headquarters of the Foreign Legion, now based in the southern French town of Aubagne near here. Observers say that former British officers and conscripts have been signing up for the legion ever since the end of the Falkland War four years ago. A very high 10 per cent of legion strength is now furnished by Englishmen, more than twice the normal complement.

VENICE *Giant Mice*

An upsurge in the rat population of Venice this winter has left canals and palaces infested with a particularly large species of water rat, called "giant mice" in the Venetian dialect. These animals are said to be the terror of cats and so intelligent that they recognize every kind of poison and trap. The rats get into houses through open sewers and drains, crawling up through bathtubs and toilets and entering kitchens and bedrooms where they make themselves at home. Their propensity for biting humans makes them even more feared. The city engineering department has devised a plan to use special powders to trace the rats' hideaway paths, and to study their feeding and foraging habits. A large map of rat runways and dens is being set up for a long war—now estimated to last two years.



"And if you would permit me to pontificate for a moment . . ."

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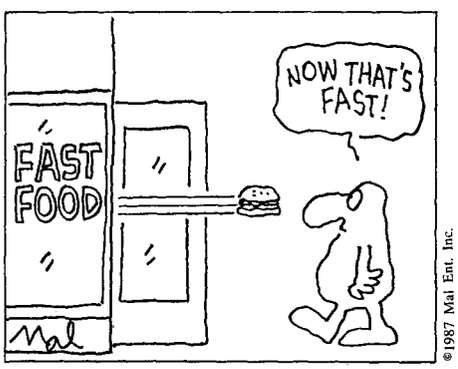
FEAR AND POLITICAL WISDOM

THE ENGLISH WRITER E. M. Forster said there are two kinds of people in the world: those who say there are two kinds of people in the world and those who don't say that. Nonetheless, I will say there are two kinds of people in the world, with respect to understanding the social order. The first are those whose earliest and deepest perception is that there is something arbitrary, fragile, and potentially threatening about the way society is ordered. The second kind of person perceives a natural and assured ordering of things, beginning with parental authority, and only later emerges into an adolescent awareness that the way things are and the way people say things must be "ain't necessarily so."

My impression is that Michael Novak is the first kind of person. The impression is reinforced by his new book, *Will It Liberate? Questions about Liberation Theology* (Paulist). It is a book both brilliant and wise. It is brilliant in exposing the ways that liberation theology, which typically employs Marxist analysis and frequently backs Marxist-Leninist causes, leads to very bad consequences for the poor whom the liberationists claim to champion. It is wise in its understanding that a humane social order begins with a salutary fear of the inhumanity to which humanity is prone. This latter truth comes as no surprise to those who know that the beginning of all wisdom is the fear of God. The fear experienced in the encounter with the Absolute is related to the fear of power in the hands of mortals who, unlike God, are perfect neither in justice nor in mercy. Being mortals ourselves, we know the ways of man. And, if we do not know it from knowing ourselves, we know it from even the most cursory reading of what people have done to one another.

Novak is not content to debunk the arguments and proposals of the liberationist. He wants to understand their controlling presuppositions, and especially why they are possessed by such deep hostility to liberal, "bourgeois" democracy. One reason, I suggest, is that people emerging from the certitudes of childhood respond differently to the recognition of the world as radically incoherent, nonrational, and potentially threatening. One understandable response is to try to put things back in order, to re-establish the old securities. Enrique Dussel, a prominent liberationist philosopher, tells us that the controlling image for the utopia he seeks is that of the infant suckling at his mother's breast. Thus also Rousseau's romance with nature, Marx's kingdom of freedom, and Benjamin Barber's current communal vision of "strong democracy." There are comparable conservative yearnings for a return to, say, the Christendom of the thirteenth century. To be sure, such conservative yearnings have not produced the heaps of corpses resulting from the ragings of the left. But all these responses aim to banish the ghosties and ghoulies and things that go bump in the dark night of the world as it is.

DEATH IS among the nastier bumps in store for us. The first of our two kinds of people knows this from the start. The second, if he moves on from adolescence to adulthood, comes to understand it. But many deny it, turning politics into an immortality project. The course of wisdom is not to deny our fears but to let our lesser fears be relativized by the greater and worthier fear of God. That fear is beyond the reach of all our projects and is relieved only by submission to a grace that is given despite ourselves. Something like that, Novak suggests, is what is meant by liberal democracy's assertion that it is "under God." The political is not ultimate but, at most, penultimate. The alternative is for politics to become what some have called the immanentization of the transcendent. The alternative is liberation theology.



Although they would be scandalized to think so, many secularists are liberation theologians of a sort. For them, a political vision that does not satisfy everything satisfies nothing; if it does not supply a total meaning, it is meaningless. Not for them is a social order attuned to reasonable and perduring fears, to the tempering of bloody mindedness, to the warding off of brutish chaos, to the limiting, checking, and balancing of power bent to the wrong. This, they say, is a merely "procedural" rather than "substantive" understanding of politics. They fail to understand the substantive truth that the procedure is work enough for all the energy and ingenuity we can muster. They fail to understand that the courage to sustain the procedural is premised upon transcendent promise of a substantive right ordering of the world that is beyond our contriving. Reinhold Niebuhr's way of putting it is still as good as any: "Man's capacity for justice makes democracy possible, but man's inclination to injustice makes democracy necessary." The fear of that inclination in ourselves and others is the beginning of political wisdom. Maybe everybody can come to understand that, but the first kind of people, people like Michael Novak, seem to understand it better. □

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INCREASING THE TRIBE

William Murchison

The Media Elite: America's New Powerbrokers, by S. Robert Lichter, Stanley Rothman, and Linda S. Lichter (Adler & Adler, 342 pp., $19.95)

THE ROTHMAN-LICHTER studies of media power and glory have become as indispensable to media criticism as beer is to sliced barbecue. Not that the studies please all palates.

Media apologists—a breed that seems not to exist outside the media—view Rothman-Lichter with a mixture of condescension and fear. I shouldn't wonder. These sober, professorial inquiries into the thought patterns of mediafolk are changing the way the news business—my own business—is discussed and understood. I, for one, say bully. It's a pleasure to see the studies, the earliest of which dates back to 1981, collected, amplified, and bound in hard-cover. Two more volumes are to come.

Stanley Rothman is a Smith College government professor; S. Robert and Linda Lichter are co-directors of the Center for Media and Public Affairs in Washington, D.C. What they wondered, when they teamed up in the late Seventies, was how the country's top journalists think, and why they think it, and how their thinking affects the news product.

The first thing the team discovered from in-depth interviews with 240 specimens of the type was that they were dealing with a true elite—upper-middle-class men and women of largely East Coast origin, socially liberal in philosophy. The second thing they discovered was that these various characteristics influence the way news is reported.

Rothman and the Lichters are not shrieking, "Bias, bias!" In fact their failure to do so has produced some *sotto voce* grumblings about going-too-easy-on-the-bastards. I don't think they go too easy or too hard either one, though I disagree with one of their central conclusions, as I'll explain in a moment. First, it's red-herring-disposal time.

The Rothman-Lichter studies have come under heavy fire from the media. One well-known battery that has raked them is the *Columbia Journalism Review*, which, in an article by Professor Herbert J. Gans, calls the studies misleading. "Together with intellectuals and entertainers," says Gans, "journalists are condemned as a new class of villains whose values threaten America."

Hooey! Rothman-Lichter deals not with journalists at large but with those whom the authors call "the gatekeepers" of news—reporters and editors for the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, the *Wall Street Journal*, the news magazines, and the networks. Nor do the studies impute villainy and malice to anyone.

Their central point has been made by, among others, David Broder, Pulitzered pundit for the *Washington Post*: "The fact is that reporters are by no means any kind of cross section. We are over-educated, we are over-paid in terms of the media, and we have a higher socio-economic stratification than the people for whom we are writing . . . There is clearly a danger of elitism creeping in."

The Rothman-Lichter studies show the media elite to be "predominantly cosmopolitan and liberal." Nearly seven in ten come from the Northeast corridor, or from the industrial states of the Midwest. Being "overpaid," the elite tend to favor capitalism but assert liberal social values. Eighty-six per cent seldom, if ever, darken a church door. Nine in ten favor abortion on demand. Nearly 60 per cent say the U.S. exploits the Third World and uses resources immorally. Eighty per cent have never voted for a Republican presidential candidate. At that, what a lot of old fossils they seem, in comparison with younger journalists, who, according to Rothman and the Lichters, are "substantially more liberal" than their elders. The rising journalistic generation scorns capitalism and rates Fidel Castro more favorably than Ronald Reagan.

What difference does it make, though? Can't these people be objective? That's where the Rothman-Lichter study grows more sophisticated than its critics suppose, or else let on.

Rothman and the Lichters say that outright, flaming bias isn't the main problem with media-elite news reporting; the problem is the "partial perspectives through which social reality is filtered . . . We all reconstruct reality for ourselves, but journalists are especially important because they help depict reality for the rest of society. They do so through the everyday decisions of their craft: What story is worth covering? How much play

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Jeffrey Meyers is the author of Orwell: An Annotated Bibliography, Orwell: The Critical Heritage, *and* A Reader's Guide to Orwell.

William Murchison is a columnist for the Dallas Morning News.

J. O. Tate is a professor of English at Dowling College on Long Island, and a member of the editorial board of the Flannery O'Connor Bulletin.

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ More March Titles: *The Soviet Army: 1918 to the Present* (New American Library, $19.50), by Albert and Joan Seaton, is a history of the Soviet army as well as an assessment of its current state, which the authors describe as "a curious mixture of the very modern and the archaic, of achievement and inefficiency." Despite its formidability in matters relating to technology and equipment, the quality of generalship, the Seatons believe, is very low, while the chain of command is further hampered by the assignment of a Party watchdog (*zampolit*) to each major unit.

A History of Private Life: Volume I: From Pagan Rome to Byzantium (Harvard, $29.50), edited by Paul Veyne and translated by Arthur Goldhammer (general editors, Philippe Aries and Georges Duby), is the first of an anticipated series in five volumes, covering the personal and intimate lives of the ancient peoples, with an emphasis on the effect that the great institutions of church and state had upon them.

In *Evangelicalism: The Coming Generation* (Chicago, $19.95), James Davison Hunter examines the culture of the contemporary American Evangelical movement and assesses the probable future of religion in modern American culture.

Victoria: An Intimate Biography (Dutton/Truman Talley, $26.95), by Stanley Weintraub, is an excellent biography of a stubborn ruler and highly contradictory woman by the author of previous biographies of Shaw, Whistler, and the Rossettis.

☐ Coming in April: In *Guadalcanal: Starvation Island* (Crown, $22.95), Eric Hammel offers a readable and complete account of the first major American counter-offensive against the Japanese in World War II. There is much that is new in his story, which holds the attention throughout.

Collected Prose (Farrar, $25), by Robert Lowell and edited and introduced by Robert Giroux, is an interesting collection of highly disparate essays, interviews, and occasional pieces by the poet and critic whose premature death occurred in 1977. —CW

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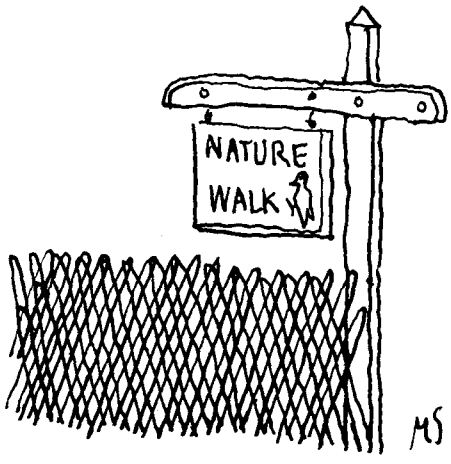
should it get? What angle should it be given? What sources are trustworthy and informative?"

I agree. That is the problem. It is the problem, whatever the ideological predilections of the reporters—if we assume that what readers and viewers want is facts, and the right to make up their own minds. All the graver is the problem when the reporters' values diverge sharply from those of their customers. How this plays out in practice, the authors examine in case studies having to do with coverage of nuclear energy, busing, and the energy crisis. These studies were new to me.

Of the three, the study of nuclear-energy coverage is the most detailed and the most arresting. Rothman and the Lichters assert that "media coverage of the nuclear debate was not unrelated to journalists' own attitudes toward nuclear energy": which attitudes are more skeptical and negative than those of energy scientists, engineers, and nuclear specialists. The study scrutinized coverage of nuclear power, discovering that "at six out of seven media outlets, anti-nuclear stories outnumbered pro-nuclear pieces by a wide margin." Television was more negative than newspapers and magazines. "Not a single [nuclear] topic came across positively over the airwaves."

The obvious question is: What can be done about it? Not much, the authors reply. "Pure journalistic objectivity is unattainable, since even the conscious effort to be objective takes place within a mental picture of the world already conditioned, to some degree, by one's beliefs about it."

Here I'm afraid I don't agree at all. "Pure" objectivity? Olympian detachment? Forget it. The dictum of a law-school dean I knew years ago comes to mind: "What a man sees depends more on what's behind his eyes than on what is in front of him." We filter reality through everything we have read and thought and seen, whether we are journalists, lawyers, or plumbers. But objectivity can be worked on harder than it is being worked on by today's journalists. If a reporter must bend over backward to be objective and fair, then, I say, bend. I have done it; anyone else can. *The Media Elite* notes how more relatively objective is the *New York Times* than the *Washington Post.*



What is wanted, in contrast with the hubris of today's elitests, is modesty—the modesty of the sober, sharp-eyed reporter. Reporters, editors, cameramen, newscasters need only attend to the craft of gathering, collecting, arranging, displaying the facts, without concern for their ideological impact, or the figure the gatherers may cut in society, or the prizes they may harvest in consequence. We won't achieve total objectivity short of the Second Coming; but we can try.

The Media Elite does not, in my estimation, face up fully to the news-bias problem. Slanted reporting shouldn't be treated as a fact of life but rather as a malady to be stamped out, like AIDS. That said, let me pay tribute to Rothman and the Lichters for illuminating the task of the physicians—meaning editors, employers, not least the men and women who gather the news and display it. There are more serious, self-effacing pros among them than is commonly recognized. May their tribe increase! ☐

FICTION

BUCKLE UP AND READ

Joseph Sobran

The Red President, by Martin Gross (Doubleday, 397 pp., $17.95)

A thriller with a title like *The Red President* can hardly miss. It doesn't need Dostoyevskian or even Dickensian characters, Jamesian subtleties, Joycean pyrotechnics, though some reviewers (of whom more later) are already complaining of the absence of such elements, which would only impede the main proceedings. Those who thus carp are guilty of ingratitude for what the title intimates, and Martin Gross delivers: whiplash plotting. If you can put this book down, you could probably doze off in the middle of *The Postman Always Rings Twice.*

Our story opens in the California desert. Tom Ward picks up a hitchhiker, chats with him, pulls off the

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road, forces him to strip, murders him. He incinerates the body and vomits. Cut to: Maryland, where a veteran CIA agent, Sam Withers, has picked up an odd scent. Acting in a highly unauthorized manner, he takes his evidence to a newspaper columnist, Jack Granick, who is impressed: One of the seven candidates for the Democratic presidential nomination is a Kremlin plant. Which one? Granick appeals to Douglas McDowell, a young network newscaster of liberal persuasion, to help discover and expose the culprit. McDowell throws him out, cursing him —and begins to have second thoughts that night, when Granick is reported dead.

And they're off! Moscow knows someone knows something, and soon bodies are dropping all over the page. Implausible, if you stop to think about it, but you won't. Gross doesn't give you time. He cuts from one subplot to another, each chapter peaking, as the forces of Light and Darkness converge on the White House, the latter ahead by several lengths, until . . .

Did I say implausible? Let me qualify that. The situation is unlikely, but a novel is entitled to its premise. And given this premise—that Moscow could engineer a shot at the White House for its man—the plot gains plausibility from a key component of the prevailing structure of taboos, namely, the prohibition against calling people, even Communist people, Communists. The good guys are up against the institutionalized liberal perception that Communism is never a serious threat. Say "nuclear threat" and they'll nod in agreement. "Soviet threat" they jeer at.

So *if* Moscow contrived a Presidency for us, anyone who had an inkling of it would face just the inhibitions Gross limns here. The CIA can't act. Granick gets the bum's rush. McDowell has so internalized the taboo that he hardly dares to entertain the thought even when he has to. It's of course the tried-and-true thriller dilemma: If the hero says what he knows, he's less likely to be believed than to be condemned by the very people he's trying to save. Gross links this ancient plot device to the current liberal etiquette. A "Red President"! Indeed!

We learn fairly early which candidate is fronting for the Soviets: a young, hip pol who falls somewhere in Hart-Kennedy territory and knows how to exploit the same set of progressive catchwords and taboos that frustrates the opposition. He grasps that the liberal idiom elides conveniently into Communist purposes, a point also grasped in real life by Georgi Arbatov and Alexander Cockburn. The very extremities of the plot illustrate the possible range of liberal hypocrisy. James Burnham used to say that the difference between a liberal and a Communist is that the Communist knows what he's doing. Gross gives us a "liberal" who knows what he's doing, bridging the gap.

This, along with Gross's intimacy with the topography of Washington, gives the headlong story a quick verisimilitude. The reader feels a horrified tang of recognition when the villain deplores "the militarization of space," and his Soviet counterpart emits an answering coo about a "bold move toward peace." Events revolve around the cynical invocation of "peace," "peace and freedom," "partnership for peace," until the very word that serves to camouflage meaning for most of the characters clangs the alarm for the reader. Liberal values are rudely transvalued.

Which gives *The Red President* an odd dimension: It can be read as an allegory whose real subject is itself. Liberal reviewers are giving the book the brush-off, with a grudging nod to its entertainment value. It must discomfit them to find the villain of a spy thriller speaking their dialect so smoothly, taking in all the saps with glib aplomb.

You have to admire the nerve of an author who makes bad guys of the people best situated to control his book's access to the reading public. Of course Allen Drury has been doing this for years; so did Ayn Rand. The trick is to write a reviewer-proof book, with enough essential oomph to trample over critical preciosities. A title like *The Red President* helps: The most hostile attention can't avoid conveying some of the plot's excitement. It's a fairly inflexible rule of book reviewing that you have to tell the book's title, and no panning will be quite plausible if you don't give a few additional details. What's more, Gross has ensured that even hostile reviewers will be a little self-conscious about sounding like the book's more dubious characters. It's embarrassing when the tools of your trade are seen as criminal weapons. □

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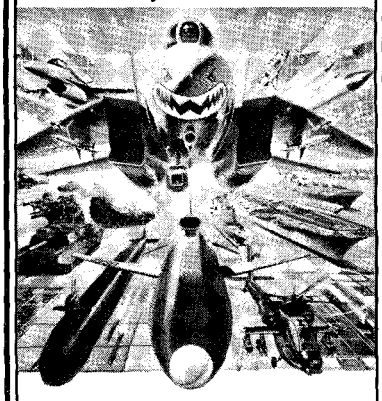

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RIGHTEOUS LIES

Jeffrey Meyers

Orwell: The War Commentaries, edited by W. J. West (Pantheon, 253 pp., $18.95)

SEVERAL YEARS ago the amateur scholar, W. J. West, discovered a large cache of Orwell papers in the British Broadcasting Company archives in Reading, England. The literary talks broadcast by Orwell himself during World War II were published as *Orwell: The Lost Writings* (see *NR*, Nov. 29, 1985). *The War Commentaries*, a sequel to the earlier volume, contains 49 weekly news talks to India, which summarize the progress of the war from December 1941, just after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, to March 1943, when the tide had turned after the great victories at Alamein and Stalingrad. West provides an informative introduction and footnotes, though he does not compare the war commentaries to Orwell's London letters to the *Partisan Review*, which were directed to American readers, ran from January 1941 to the summer of 1946, and used some of the same material.

Orwell's factual accounts reveal his familiarity with the terrain of Burma, where he had been a police officer for five years; his ability to perceive the major turning points of the war: the Battle of Britain in the late summer of 1940, the petering out of the German offensive in Russia in the winter of 1941, and the entrance of Japan into the war; his skillful prophecies about military and political events (though he doubted that Singapore could be taken); and his shocked reaction in December 1942 to the systematic massacre of Jews in German-occupied Poland.

The censored parts of his talks, including an interesting paragraph on the creation of the Loyalist army in the Spanish Civil War, are printed in this volume. And a few rare passages are lively. After stating that there would soon be an official pronouncement defining the position of Admiral Darlan in French North Africa, Orwell ironically adds: "Well, it so happens that his position has been defined in another way. He is dead. He was assassinated two days ago." It must be said, however, that these news commentaries are terribly dull.

Orwell's talks were a direct response to the lies broadcast to India on Axis radio stations, particularly by the forceful Indian nationalist, Subhas Chandra Bose. Orwell hoped to win the sympathy of his Indian listeners by arguing—from examples of conquest and oppression in Korea, China, Malaya, and Burma (which brought the enemy to the border of Bengal)—that there would be no freedom for India under Japanese rule, and that their victory "would postpone Indian independence far longer than the most reactionary British government would either wish or be able to do." He stresses the Japanese atrocities—"they have held the peoples down with the club and the machine gun, they have robbed them of their crops and of their raw materials, they have crushed their national movements"—and emphasizes their intention to "pull the world down in ruins before they perish." Though there is no indication of the specific effect of Orwell's propaganda, he did help keep India loyal to the Allies.

Orwell states that Axis "propaganda has no other purpose than to deceive, [though] it is often possible to infer the real intentions which it conceals." In January 1942 the Germans admitted that the Russian town of Mojaisk "had fallen, but declared that it was a town of no importance, though they had said just the contrary when they occupied it themselves." But the BBC propaganda and censorship also tested Orwell's integrity. He found it particularly difficult to describe the American defeat at Corregidor as a "long delaying action in the Philippines which has held up the Japanese attack on Australia," to justify the arrests of Gandhi and Nehru, to praise the "wise and large-minded" speeches of Stalin, who claimed he had no wish to subjugate anybody (Stalinists had tried to kill Orwell in Spain). Orwell's broadcasts do not show, as West argues, "how strongly he believed in what he was doing." On the contrary, they demonstrate why he became disgusted and finally quit his work at the BBC.

Orwell's job was quite similar to Winston Smith's job at the Ministry of Truth in *1984*, and (as West points out) his experiences and observations at the wartime BBC had a significant influence on that novel. In *1984* there are also banners and slogans on May Day, mass meetings in Trafalgar ("Victory") Square, severe rationing and equalitarian austerity, vast populations stupefied by propaganda and constantly prepared for bad news, a world dominated by superpowers who are always at war with each other but always changing alliances. "The biggest example of such a change," Orwell writes, "was when the Germans invaded Russia [in 1941]. Up to this moment, they exploited their pretended friendship [pact] with Russia for all it was worth, and described themselves as the allies of a socialist country fighting against plutocracy. They had no sooner invaded Russia than they began to describe themselves as the defenders of European civilization against Bolshevism." □

LOOKING BACK

A PASSIONATE VOICE

J. O. Tate

I'M TOLD THAT those who gathered at the Ritz-Carlton in Chicago just before last Thanksgiving to observe the bestowal of the Ingersoll Prizes "came to hear Naipaul." The widely respected —and sometimes vilified—Mr. V. S. Naipaul received the T. S. Eliot Award of $15,000, as had Eugene Ionesco, Anthony Powell, and Jorge Luis Borges before him.

"But," the story goes, "they left talking about Lytle." The other Ingersoll Prize, the Richard Weaver Award of an equal sum, was given to Andrew Lytle of Tennessee, a recognition previously tendered to such distinguished conservatives as Robert Nisbet, Russell Kirk, and James Burnham. Mr. Lytle stirred the audience with his provocative powers as a raconteur, for which he is legendary.

Andrew Lytle is legendary for much else. One of the original Agrarians, Lytle contributed to *I'll Take My Stand* in 1930; his essay "The Hind Tit" asserted a vision of American history from which he has never retreated. Forty-five years later, in *A Wake for the Living: A Family Chron-*

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icle, Lytle anecdotally summoned, through the story of his family, an embodied vision of community drawn together by blood, by vows, by experience, culture, and place. Looking back through his kinfolk and neighbors at the history of the Republic, Lytle articulated a sense of the ties that bind to unite the generations. He also showed a sense of the unraveling of the polity through violence and dispersal. As the title of *A Wake for the Living* suggests, to Lytle the dead are the ones who are truly alive. Thomas H. Landess, writing in this magazine (Sept. 25, 1975), saw in Lytle's chronicle the story of "that community of the living, the dead, and the yet unborn which Burke lauded and which Americans always fought fiercely to defend until the emergence of ideological warfare." But Lytle's innate conservatism is only a part, though a substantial one, of the reason why he received the Richard Weaver Award—an award named, by the way, after a late editor of this journal, and one that, having been given to luminaries and sages like Kirk and Burnham, will have for friends of NATIONAL REVIEW a particular meaning.

Thirty years ago, writing in this journal, Robert Phelps (in "Dust for an Adam," Aug. 24, 1957) eloquently and energetically responded to the publication of Andrew Lytle's novel *The Velvet Horn* and went so far as to recommend theft if purchase or borrowing was out of the question. But since today *The Velvet Horn* is available in facsimile from the University of the South at Sewanee, our response to the opportunity should probably be the conventional one. Actually paying for a copy is a way of thanking Sewanee for making that novel once again available.

And reading *The Velvet Horn* is the most direct acknowledgment of the stature of its author. *The Velvet Horn* is itself a look backward at history—at the hill country of the Cumberlands before, during, and after the Civil War—and also more than a backward glance at familial history as well as the history of the human race as seen in the universal, endlessly repeated experience we know as "myth," both pagan and Christian. *The Velvet Horn* is a meditation on the eternal human yearning for primal unity, here represented by incest, and on the recursive experience of division, the Fall into Time, the wages of sin. There are more senses than one is which *The Velvet Horn* has something in common with Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury* and *Absalom, Absalom!*, with Tate's *The Fathers*, with Warren's *All the King's Men*.

But above all, *The Velvet Horn*—usually considered Lytle's masterpiece—is a sustained vision, an extended trope, a lyric tour-de-force, a tragic-comic flight that is one of the most imposing novels in American literature. *The Velvet Horn* is both a down-home story about rural life and a cultivated art-novel that's an object lesson, a benchmark of technique and poetic intensity. The dedication of that novel—to that accomplished ritualist, John Crowe Ransom—may be the most significant dedication in American lit-

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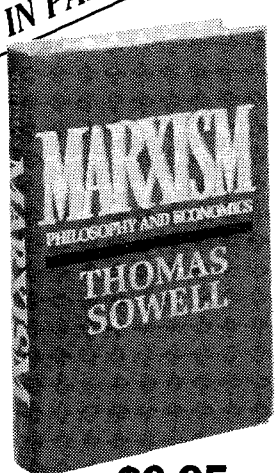

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erature since Melville dedicated *Moby Dick* to Hawthorne.

In his famous essay "The Working Novelist and the Mythmaking Process" —which is one of the more remarkable statements any literary artist ever made about his own work—Lytle has told of being possessed by a fury of creation as he finished *The Velvet Horn*. But that essay must also remind us of his other brilliant responses to Tolstoi, Flaubert, Faulkner—criticism written by an artist, keen analyses of fiction as individual as they are revealing. Lytle's essays and reviews gathered in *The Hero with the Private Parts* (1966) are an indispensable guide and an invaluable exposure to a unique sensibility.

As an accomplished tale-spinner, Lytle has also distinguished himself in his short fictions, and his *Stories* are also available from Sewanee. In "Jericho, Jericho, Jericho," the old dying woman is jealous of her grandson's fiancée, who will inherit her property; but before death takes her, she suffers an even worse reversal of expectation. In "Mr. MacGregor," the narrator cannot accept the meaning of the story he tells—and this refusal, more than the story itself, explains why he tells obsessively what he must not understand. "The Mahogany Frame" is a classic story of a classic subject—the rite of passage, a boy's coming of age. "Ortiz's Mass" is an excerpt from Lytle's novel of Hernando de Soto, *At the Moon's Inn* (1941), itself related to the novella, "Alchemy," a story of Pizarro—these narratives being examinations of the prerogatives of Renaissance expansiveness—of Faustian pacts and Promethean revelations. The Will to Power, so displayed in American history, implies a flaw in the Eden of the heart's desire that will forever deny that drive toward and presumption of innocence that we see in *The Velvet Horn* and elsewhere.

A Name for Evil (1947) is an ambivalent and shrewd "ghost story" that bears the stamp of Poe as well as the impress of Henry James. This novel is a study in the "unreliable narrator" and is a self-referential, dark pastiche of those Agrarian ideals that Lytle advocated. And *The Long Night* (1936) is a chilling tall tale—one based on an authentic oral and familial narrative—of revenge and backwoods violence, in which a private obsession is overtaken by public events, in the Civil War. *Bedford Forrest and His Critter Company* (1931; available today from Green Key Press) should be classified with Allen Tate's biographies of Stonewall Jackson and Jefferson Davis, and with Robert Penn Warren's book on John Brown. Lytle's *Forrest* may be the best of these books; certainly it is the most colorful, the most lively, perhaps because Lytle gathered material from living witnesses—not only old veterans, but also from Forrest's half-sister and other relatives of that fearsome frontiersman and fighter. Lytle's highly partisan and vivid *Forrest*, his first book, was an introduction to those themes of community and violation, political abstraction and self-knowledge, history at home and individual perplexities, that were to become the life work of a man of letters who is celebrated for his ability to combine the rustic with the urbane, the primordial with the sophisticated, and the common with the elevated. The meaning and impact of Lytle's literary achievement can best be studied in *The Form Discovered* (1973), essays edited by M. E. Bradford.

Andrew Lytle's fame as a teacher rests perhaps as much on his humor and brilliant personality as it does on his insight and authority. His years as editor of the *Sewanee Review* testify to his breadth as a highly cultured man. Perhaps the most complete integration of his powers is *The Velvet Horn*, which speaks to us with what Robert Phelps called "a passionate voice," an impassioned discourse of rhetoric, irony, image and symbol—through whose utterance (from the editor's desk, the teacher's chair, the novelist's shaping hand) we can apprehend over fifty years of story-telling and instruction in home truths: the career for which Andrew Lytle has been so rightly honored. □

FILM

FOUND IN THE MUD

John Simon

THE AMAZING thing about *Platoon* is that Oliver Stone, the writer-director, who spent 15 months fighting in Vietnam, managed to make a film scarcely different from the soap operas written by hacks who never got closer to the VC than their VCRs. Can you trust a movie that is finally going to tell you The Truth about the Vietnam War if it contains a smiling, ruddy-faced soldier passing around the picture of his girl with whom he will live happily ever after, only to be killed in the next reel? Can you swallow a film whose soundtrack, at a crucial moment of terror, erupts into an amplified heartbeat? Would you buy a used car from a filmmaker whose autobiographical hero, Chris Taylor, begins as a raw volunteer ("Why should just the poor kids go to war and the rich kids get away with it?"), only to emerge as not only a wily, wise veteran, but also the supreme justicer?

Yessir, Chris shoots the demonic Sergeant Barnes, whom no one, foe or friend, was able to waste. But Chris, through supernatural sensitivity, deduces that Barnes, in a personal vendetta, perforated his nemesis, the saintly Sergeant Elias. The implications of *Platoon* are that if we had had a few more Oliver Stones, we might not have lost the war; but because we had at least one, we did not wholly lose our honor: Barnes got fragged by gallant Chris, as he deserved to be, and you should just hear the movie audience applaud.

Platoon is the film of a wild man who wants to be also a philosopher and a poet. Alas, Stone thinks in clichés and writes in tie-dyed prose, but as a wild man he is authentic enough. Having lasted one year at Yale, he next taught Chinese and Vietnamese students in Saigon; when neither this nor a stint in the merchant marine made a writer of him, he figured the war might do it. After two wounds, a bronze star, and some trouble because

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of insubordination, Stone returned a bona-fide druggie, but still no writer. Upon failing for Country and for Yale, the choice was either God or something equally hospitable to universal dropouts: film school. At NYU, the young man became a student of Martin Scorsese, not one to leave a Stone unturned.

After a false start or two, Stone wrote the screenplay for *Midnight Express*, which won an Oscar and more, and established the Stone style: brutal facts—in this case, the hair-raising real-life story of an innocent American pot-smuggler in a Turkish jail—that, however true, make the truth seem suspect. Or, if not the truth, the author's motivation for and mode of spelling it out. This became Stone's hallmark, climaxing in *Scarface* for Brian de Palma, the most gratuitously and mindlessly bloodthirsty film in years. I missed *Salvador*, which Stone co-scripted and directed, but *Platoon*, where he is the sole *auteur*, is clearly his supreme bid for fame thus far.

The film is not without some real, albeit submerged, merits. Shot in the Philippines, with the actors rigorously trained in enduring discomforts and deprivations, it is unsparingly detailed in evoking the full spectrum of horrors, from infestation with red ants and marching on ballooningly blistered feet to undergoing or inflicting the most appalling deaths. About those ants, for example, Chris is informed, while performing the perfect St. Vitus dance, that he is lucky: The red ones are less bad than the black. Which brings me to Stendhal, the first to show how utterly befuddled the combatant is in the midst of battle. Stone improves on Stendhal by keeping the audience equally confused: The barked-out commands are swallowed up by the noise of warfare; the hallucinatory images fall prey to darkness or the blinding light of flares.

When you add to this a large cast of grunts, most of whom look interchangeable, it is uncertain whether more is gained or lost by the scrupulous rendering of chaos. The effect, on the one hand, is to make horror more horrible by its very inscrutability; on the other, to make it more impersonal and abstract. After seeing the film twice, I still couldn't tell you just what happens to whom (let alone how or why) among the dramatis personae we are only superficially introduced to before we are supposed to care for or condemn them—or, more hopeless yet, feel provocatively ambivalent about.

There are, however, gripping scenes showing the grunts getting high and anarchic on drugs, and some of the dialogue has the right mixture of anger, wit, obscenity, and desperation about it. Even so, there are few moments that grabbed me by anything other than sheer brutality or pandemonium. Here are some. As Chris and the other cherries get off the transport plane that brought them to Nam, they file past their predecessors being shipped home by the same plane in body bags. After a horrifying Mylai-ish incident, when the order is to torch a village, a grunt uses the lighter with which he just incendiated a gook hut to light his cigarette. A shot from a helicopter car-

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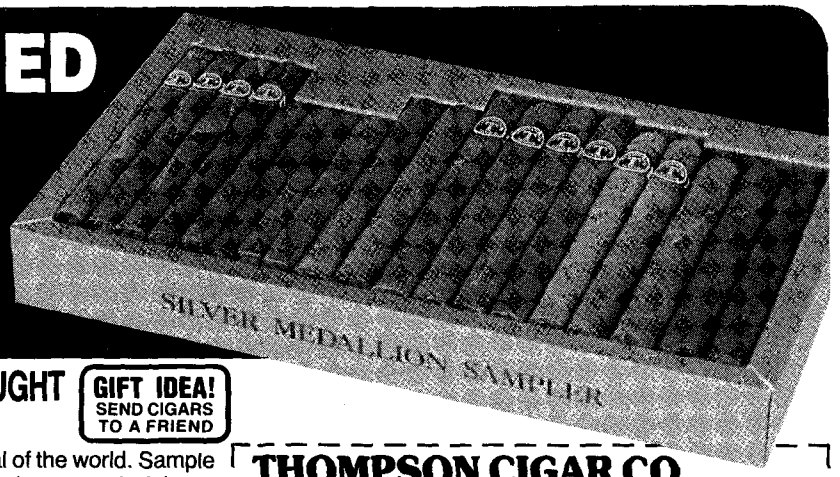

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rying Chris and other wounded men: While battle still rages around them, the tarpaulin-covered American corpses are laid bare, row on row, by the gust of air from the copter.

But over against such strong, wordless moments, there is all the loquacity, pretension, and obviousness of the "serious" writing. Chris and his buddies are caught between two sergeants: Elias, the holy hophead turned into a good angel, who believes we shall lose the war by way of a much-needed lesson, but meanwhile does whatever he can to save lives; and Barnes, the evil angel, who pops up equally unexpected but to bloody purpose. His face is Elm Streetishly stitched together after seven close encounters with death, all of which he survived because, it seems, only he can will his death. He fights like a demon, threatens (and probably secretly executes) his men, has murderous bouts with Elias, and is both hated and venerated. Chris declares himself, with the film's typical overexplicitness posing as profundity, "the child of these two fathers."

This internecine duel between good and evil is much too schematic and

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

OWING TO ITS ready availability as well as to its intrinsic interest, I am breaking precedent with *NR*'s policy against noticing foreign publications not available in the U.S. to review Keith Campbell's extremely useful booklet *ANC: A Soviet Task Force?* (Institute for the Study of Terrorism, 65 Blandford Street, London W1H 3AJ, England, UK; $4.50). Mr. Campbell's work richly merits publication and distribution in the United States, events that the prevailing war hysteria in this country make unlikely.

Indeed, the situation is not much better in Great Britain where, as Lord Chalfont (who serves as chairman of the institute) notes in a foreword, "One of the myths carefully fostered by organs of progressive opinion . . . is that the African National Congress is a straightforward nationalist movement, dedicated to the peaceful establishment of majority rule in South Africa. . . . When the ANC was founded in 1912 by moderate mission-educated black South Africans, its aims may well have been peaceful and evolutionary. The present-day ANC is a very different organization. In the 1950s it began to establish close links with the South African Communist Party, and in 1961 it founded Umkhonto we Sizwe (the Spear of the Nation), a militant organization openly dedicated to the overthrow of the South African regime by 'armed struggle,' which in practice has come to mean terrorism." In 58 large, crowded, and highly condensed pages, Mr. Campbell substantiates these remarks and offers what amounts to conclusive evidence that the goal of the ANC—acting in formal alliance with the South African Communist Party (SACP) and in close collaboration with the Communist Party of the Soviet Union (CPSU)—is the creation of a one-party Communist-dominated state, entailing the enslavement of all South Africans, black, white, and colored, and the inclusion of South Africa within the Soviet bloc.

In the manuscript of his essay "How to Be a Good Communist," the pages of which were produced in evidence at his trial in 1963-64, Nelson Mandela wrote: "Under a Communist Party government, South Africa will become a land of milk and honey. . . . Without a hard, bitter, and long struggle against capitalism and exploitation, there can be no Communist world. *The cause of Communism is the greatest cause in the history of mankind.*" In 1983 Alfred Nzo, Secretary General of the ANC, orated: "Within the past month and addressing himself to the anti-imperialist struggles . . . in Central America, Reagan made bold to proclaim that the Soviet Union is 'the focus of evil in the modern world.' This grand patron of the butchers of San Salvador, Tel Aviv, and Pretoria, a warmonger who is pushing the world to the brink of nuclear holocaust, a self-proclaimed friend of capitalism whose policies have forced the United States' working class to depend on charitable soup kitchens for its sustenance—this representative and leader of arch-reaction has the arrogance to make this insulting statement while presenting himself as the epitome of a universal benevolence." In 1985 Oliver Tambo, Acting President of the ANC, exulted that ". . . the democratic, anti-feudal and anti-imperialist revolution in Afghanistan has been saved with the support of the Soviet Union." These remarks—and thousands like them, made by hundreds of people—were not discovered under a rock by Keith Campbell: They have been part of the public record for years. Yet, the Commonwealth Eminent Persons Group, in its report of June 1986, declared that "detached analysts . . . question the picture . . . of the ANC as a component of international Communism, dedicated to the pursuit of revolutionary power."

While Moscow seems alternately to affirm and deny the connection between the African National Congress and the Communist Party, the ANC itself does not deny the link. Neither does the SACP, although it is at pains to reject allegations that it dominates the ANC. Nevertheless, Campbell, in his brief history of the ANC from its founding in 1912 to the present, clearly demonstrates its sublimation by the Communists and makes a conclusive case for its adherence to the long-standing Communist strategy of creating a nationalist revolution as the first stage toward a socialist one. By comparing statements made by the CPSU, SACP, and ANC on such subjects as politics, economics, and society, political systems, party alliances, and foreign policy, Campbell further demonstrates how ideas originally fabricated in Moscow have been (ever so lightly) laundered by the SACP and strung on the wash line by the ANC. His elucidation of the "Freedom Charter"—that document of "liberal" reform unveiled with much fanfare by the Congress of the People at Kliptown in June 1955, in which the ANC claims to find so much inspiration and which was, in fact, drafted in secret, principally by Communists and fellow-travelers—is devastating.

As to the ANC's regard for the Leninist doctrine of the uses of violence for the effectuation of utopian ends, we have the image of Mrs. Nelson Mandela herself to instruct us, clenching her fist for the TV cameras as she cries: "Together, hand in hand with our matches and our necklaces we shall liberate this country!" □

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melodramatically manipulative (though Stone doubtless thinks it Melvillian) to serve as structural framework. And the ideological skeleton—"I can't believe we are fighting each other when we ought to be fighting them"—is a belated apotheosis of the Pogo philosophy, which can probably no longer be freshly expressed. But Stone trusts the audience's ability to infer things no more than the old-time cheapies by Sam Fuller and his likes did. At least Fuller and the rest did not go in for Art, as Stone presumes to, especially in the letters Chris writes his grandmother (and recites in voice-over), which contain the preceding quotation and repeat it, for bad measure, at film's end, embedded in a long, nauseatingly didactic and self-righteous homily. These letters abound in stuff such as this about the platoon members, in a repellent blend of folksiness and bathos: "Two years' high school's about it . . . most of 'em got nothing [would anyone write *'em* to his grandmother?], they're poor, they're unwanted, yet they're fighting for our society, our freedom." And "they're the best I've ever seen, Grandma, the heart and soul—maybe I've finally found it down here in the mud . . ." and so on and on.

The "poetry" is not confined to the letters home. Elias spouts it in the nocturnal jungle: "I love this place at night. The stars—there's no right or wrong up there," to which the awe-struck Chris responds, "That's a nice way of putting it"—self-praise in its purest form. Even bestial Barnes verges on it when, bottle in hand, he drunkenly confronts his pot-smoking men contemplating his murder: "Trying to escape from reality? I don't need this s---: I *am* reality!" And the crude preciosity of the dialogue is echoed by Georges Delerue's abominably posturing score, which takes for its centerpiece an even soupier orchestration of Barber's Adagio for Strings, used for just about everything from rushing into battle to achieving existential epiphanies in the mud. This already stale piece of Barber's now joins the so-called Albinoni Adagio and Pachelbel Canon as one of the cloacas of classical music.

Typical of *Platoon*'s excesses is Sergeant Elias's double death. After being mowed down at night by Barnes at close range, he is seen by Chris from his helicopter the next day as, bloody but unbowed, he charges the enemy, gets plugged, and slowly collapses, his face and arms raised heavenward. If Barnes could almost die seven times, it may be all right for Elias to really do so twice, but it could have been shot less hammily and not viewed by Chris from so unlikely, godlike a perspective. Still, Tom Berenger is fine as Barnes, even if makeup does a good part of his work; Willem Dafoe is too actorish as Elias, but Charlie Sheen (Martin's son) is a likable Chris.

Keith David is excellent as King, a savvy black soldier; so is Kevin Dillon (Matt's brother) as a baby-faced gook-butcher: "Holy s---! Did you see that f---ing head come apart?" And we more or less do. There are powerful contributions from other Americans and Filipinos as well. But though *Platoon* may enlighten those who still harbor delusions about Vietnam, and serve the very young as an effective anti-recruiting poster, it is poster art. Even its most belabored point, that our defeat was caused by dissension, is not made compellingly enough. □

SOUND ON DISC

AMERICA'S REAL MUSIC

Ralph de Toledano

I HAVE BEEN listening with lingering pleasure to two recordings of the music of William Grant Still—"one of our greatest American composers," Leopold Stokowski said of him. There is an element of indignation in that pleasure because Still has been elbowed aside by shallower talents such as those of Aaron Copland, who tried but never captured the American idiom. In his great outpouring of music—some two hundred compositions in every category—Still expressed the sweep and melody of this country, the pounding heart of jazz, the surging human protest of the blues, and the attenuated sensibility of popular song.

There is a rich and dramatic simplicity to Still's music, a rejoicing and a searching, and a transcendentally quiet voice—expressed without the hubba-hubba of modernism or the pretensions of atonality. He could write a Concerto for Clarinet for the Artie Shaw band and the Sunday Symphony, which I have been otically contemplating. This symphony—excellently performed by Carlton Woods and the North Arkansas Symphony Orchestra (201 N. East Avenue, Fayetteville, Ark. 72701)—and his ballet *Lenox Avenue* (Legend Records, P.O. Box 1941, Glendale Calif. 91209), with Still conducting—demonstrate the debt owed him by George Gershwin's larger and smaller works, and they sing to us more pertinently and beautifully.

Jazz, of course, is the apotheosis of the American voice—or was until the

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raucous cultural degradation of the 1960s. And the most artistically conscious and *formed* expression of jazz was Duke Ellington's. He was in the jazz jargon a "piano player"—but the jazz orchestra was his real instrument. Though he gave rein to his superb soloists—Cootie Williams, Rex Stewart, Johnny Hodges, and others—his recordings were integrated compositions. He imposed his genius as composer and arranger on everything he did and on the musicians who played with him.

I remember, in the days when he was occasionally recording with a small combo drawn from the full orchestra, how he would walk into the studio with several themes he had jotted down on the back of an envelope on his way down from Sugar Hill. He huddled with the group, noodled the themes on the piano, huddled again—and they ran through it once. Ellington would give some more directions, and they recorded. The product was always Ellingtonian to the core. There were times when, like Homer, he nodded, but he never blundered. And it is important always to remember that this or that recording, however arresting, was but a part of his entire *œuvre*, part of an endless poem in jazz.

An important part of that poem can be heard in four albums (eight LPs) issued by the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, Ellington's home town —*Duke Ellington 1938*, *1939*, *1940*, and *1941*. Here you have a compendium of the inexhaustible Ellington melody—with addenda from Billy Strayhorn, the effete arranger who so thoroughly absorbed the Ellington style, and from some of his sidemen including the valve trombonist Juan Tizol. And here you have the incomparable Ellington beat that ranged from the 4/4, 6/8/, and 6/4 rhythms of jazz to his own translation of the more complex African configurations. It is a cornucopia of Ellingtonian jazz and one that belongs in every collection.

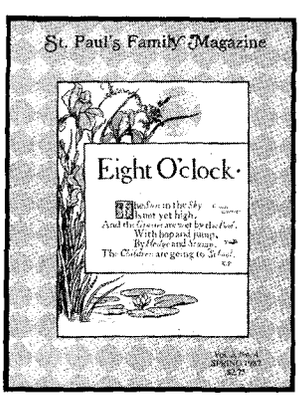
From the Smithsonian Institution, there is also a series of recordings evoking a past era of musical comedy —another distinctive American contribution to the world's store of music. The song of the Paris *boîte* and the London music hall had its own zing and spirit. The American musical comedy drew from the *pot au feu* of Tin Pan Alley, and in the hands of the Cole Porters, the Harold Arlens, the George Gershwins, and the Irving Berlins—to name but a few—molded its own genre—witty, sentimental, jumping, and lyrical.

Instead of recasting such musicals as the Gershwin *Lady, Be Good*, the Porter *Let's Face It*, *Red, Hot, and Blue*, and *Leave It to Me*, and the Arthur Schwartz-Howard Dietz *The Bandwagon* in today's style, the Smithsonian Institution searched out old shellacs of the stars of these shows made at the time and linked them together in what we now call "original cast" recordings. So you can hear Fred and Adele Astaire, with Gershwin at the piano; the lung-busting Ethel Merman; and others of the original casts singing the tunes that still make the heart quicken and the foot tap.

Lest the fans of the late and great Benny Goodman feel that I have slighted him, let me call to their attention an extraordinary recording, *Benny and Sid "Roll 'Em"* (MARLOR Productions, P.O. Box 156, Hicksville, N.Y. 11812, an adjunct of the Merritt Record Society). The studio recordings of the Goodman band captured its drive and power, dominated by Goodman's solos, but compressed into a Procrustean three-minute span. *Roll 'Em* is the Goodman band "live," when it could spread out and other soloists could make their voices heard. The air shots in this album were recorded when the band had the tremendous lift of Sidney Catlett, perhaps the greatest drummer in the annals of jazz. The ex-Ellingtonian Cootie Williams officiated in the trumpet section. This is the Goodman we heard when we crowded around the bandstand—and the recording is one of the finest in his catalogue.

Another jazz recording I can recommend with no reservations is *Porgy and Bess Revisited* (DRG-Disques Swing). Produced by George T. Simon, the veteran jazz critic and *régisseur*, it substitutes for the voices of the Gershwin opera Cootie Williams's clean open horn, Rex Stewart's innovative attack, Hilton Jefferson's elegant alto, and Lawrence Brown's warm trombone. (All four of these musicians are Ellington alumni.) Pinky Williams, whom I had never heard before, offers a finely phrased tenor sax. Each soloist represents a character in the Gershwin work, and together they give the score a new dimension.

The original cast of *Porgy and Bess* gave us operatic voices—Lawrence Tibbett and Helen Jepson. Louis Armstrong and Ella Fitzgerald, working together, delivered the opera to jazz. This recording and its fine instrumentalists set it in the context of the jazz and blues tradition, from which Gershwin drew his inspiration. □



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DELECTATIONS

VEBLENIAN INTERLUDE

Nika Hazelton

As I WRITE this, I am gazing with dismay and horror at the 742 catalogues that have been mailed to me since mid October. Catalogues still arrive in every day's mail, even though the Christmas shopping spree lies far behind us. Everything nowadays, from steaks to furniture to wine, seems to be sold through catalogues. And I—mercifully—don't even get the ones dealing in men's clothing, electronics, tools, machinery, and airplanes.

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Presumably, somebody must buy this stuff, including the junk sold through the so-called "gift catalogues." In one of these ultimate horror listings I found a set of Dalmatian (with uplifted leg) and hydrant salt and pepper shakers, fashioned "true to life" and in "good taste" to "enliven your dining table or collectible shelf," and for only $12.98. The "Giggletree" catalogue features a "Rib the Wearer" kit, in which three black ribbons announce, "Over the Hill," "Look Who Is 40," and "Member of the Mid-Life Crisis Club," for $13.95.

It is interesting to note just how frequently mail orders go unfilled, even when the checks to pay for these orders have been cashed. This year there have been more complaints than ever about dishonest business practices, or so I gather from newspapers and the Better Business Bureau. I have been advised never to order and pay in advance for goods from an unknown establishment, and to stick to such tried-and-true catalogues as those put out by department stores and other well-known established businesses such as L. L. Bean in Maine.

Yet these catalogues must be expensive to produce. The merchandise is shown in glowing color photographs, the copy is lyrical in its praise, there are layouts to be made and so on, all this presupposing a handsome payoff. And, in fact, catalogue merchandise is by no means always cheap. Among the high-priced items nothing can beat the Hammacher Schlemmer offerings, favorites of all who have ever seen them. My own favorite (in the Fall Supplement 1986 catalogue) is the Opsvik Arboreal Chair, at $3,750 postpaid and unconditionally guaranteed. Since I cannot describe it as well as the catalogue copy does, let me quote:

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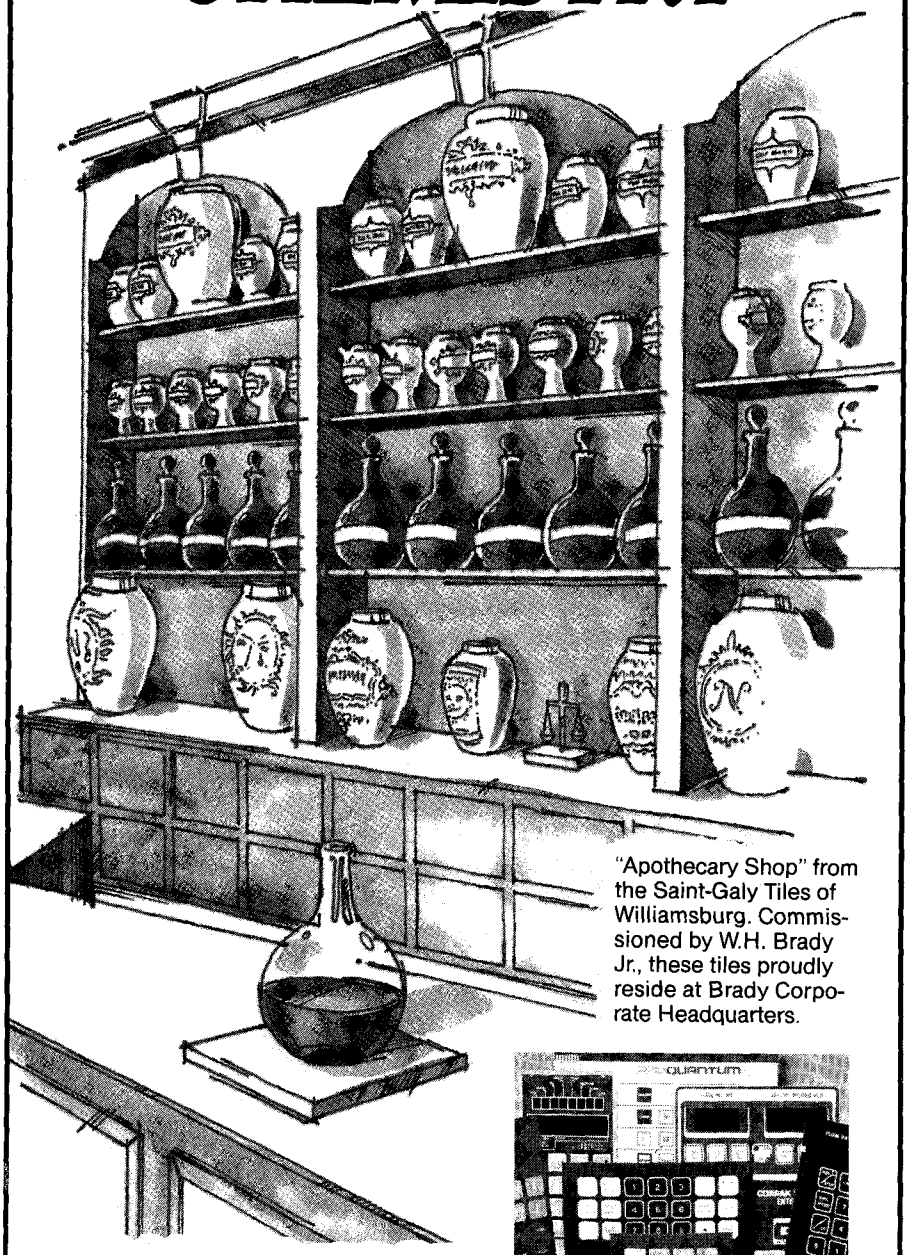

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sphere covers remove easily for cleaning. Other colors available upon request. Please allow 12 weeks for delivery. Height: eight feet. Weight: seventy pounds.

Fetching too is the Only Automatic Sushi Maker at $99.50, postpaid and unconditionally guaranteed, which is supposedly used in traditional Japanese homes and which makes up to nine traditional sushi ovals at a time in minutes. The Schmeckenbecker putter ($39.95) has a built-in compass, a candle that illuminates the 18th hole, a rabbit-foot for luck, a level to help you read greens, a forty-inch tape measure to eliminate arguments over "gimme" putts, and an air horn to silence talkers or speed up slowpokes. There are the Automobile Espresso Maker, which allows you to make two cups of espresso in an automobile or boat (an amenity that costs only $79.50); the electrically heated socks and mittens (at $24.95 and $29.95 respectively), which run on batteries.

This Hammacher Schlemmer catalogue features approximately 270 items: all of them, I think, likely to contribute largely to their lucky owners' fulfilled and gracious lives. Because, if the Two-Hand Nail-Polish Dryer (the only one on the market that uses radiant heat to dry polish on both hands simultaneously in six minutes), for only $44.95, does not do this, what on earth will?

Who buys these expensive gadgets? And are all of them stocked? I find it hard to believe that many of these are not simply come-ons. I find also that the less expensive catalogues, including female clothing, frequently feature the same merchandise and at about the same prices. The only junk-objects manufacturer I ever knew who was open about his business told me that he offered his wares to a variety of catalogues, which would explain such frequent duplication.

Needless to say, almost all of the catalogues land in the garbage. Why I, a nonbuyer of useless objects par excellence, should receive so many of these horrors is a perturbing thought. I have the standard credit cards, and I subscribe to a few "highbrow" magazines. Where the credit-card and publishing companies sell their lists is a troubling question. Think of the waste of money (theirs) and time (mine). As I finish this column, I see that Exeters, the Catalogue for Discriminating Buyers (I quote) offers, for $99, an "Advanced Clean-Air Machine," and that the Adam York Catalogue—which sells for $2—will send you, for $35, an Instant He-Man Sweat Shirt with Built-in Muscles, featuring (and I quote again) "bulges at the chest pecs, through the shoulders, and down both arms. Great alone, it becomes pure brawn under a sport shirt or tee." Or perhaps you fancy this from the Sierra Club's seasonal offerings, and for only $14.95, a "handcrafted boomerang. It is made of Finnish birch, painstakingly handcrafted, tested and turned and guaranteed to return when properly thrown." It will travel thirty yards and please (the Sierra Club admonishes you) use it safely and responsibly. □

THE GIMLET EYE

PAPARAZZO

D. Keith Mano

YES, FROM the warehouse window he had a clean line of fire. It was good. He spread out his equipment and waited. No one was aware of him: an obsessive, inconsequential man, who meant to appropriate their fame for himself. He stared down over the windowsill. They were coming. He has the drop on them. He took deliberate aim and began to shoot.

Photographs.

You expected Lee Harvey Oswald. I was describing Ron Galella. Galella as he sniped photographs from the window of a warehouse in London, not Dallas. And, though he has shot Kennedys enough in his day, this time Galella was after Richard Burton and Liz Taylor on their yacht. I've exaggerated the coincidence, no doubt: nonetheless, parallels do exist between terrorist/assassin and *paparazzo*. Both ambush and both tend to be ruthless. Both subsist on borrowed celebrity. The more famous their target, the more effective and sensational their act of rude imposition. And both are impassioned: lust, greed, and anger predominate. Galella spent three days locked in that vacant rat-overrun building before he was able to riddle his prey with unwanted publicity. Each *paparazzo* shot is a small and figurative assassination.

Galella has to be the most notorious American *paparazzo*. An unprepossessing man: large, swarthy, inarticulate, 56. With a dye job that looks like Grecian Formula Obvious. The mouth is sunken. He seems to be gnawing his own lower jaw (Marlon Brando gave Galella four broken teeth and a $40,000 out-of-court settlement). From the first, Galella understood that commercial or news photography wouldn't make him rich enough. So, with elephantine determination, he set out to badger Jacqueline Onassis. He would, well, *take* photographs—emphasis on the act of poaching. "You're either somebody or nobody," he says with moronic insistence. Jacqueline sued him for harassment (he kept photographing her without makeup, I guess). In the final decision—poor law, certainly—a judge promised to fine him $120,000 if he ever said, Say cheese, to J. O. again. But, by that time, Galella had done fame grafts on himself. He was somebody once removed.

It has been like this, I suppose, throughout history. Valentino and Liszt and, oh, John the Baptist promoting locusts and wild honey. A monotonous round of celebrity circle-jerk. But it cannot ever have been worse. Popular magazines, for instance, once organized their content around subject matter. Today they tend to feature a name instead of an idea. (Nudity alone, by the way, can no longer sell magazines. Now you have to strip someone famous.) In our frivolous and impatient age, faces have become the most effective synecdoche for thought. Qaddafi is terrorism. We anthropomorphize just about everything.

VIP faces stimulate a predictable response. They over-summarize and cheapen as well. If the subject is conservatism, someone will throw a photograph of WFB Jr. on the screen. Irangate has become Oliver North. From day-one Falwell stood for American fundamentalism in all its diversity. Feminism can be represented by a montage of maybe four faces. Pop art is *still* Warhol. I can synopsize black experience so: Jackie Robinson, Martin Luther King Jr., H. Rap Brown, Louis Farrakhan, Jesse Jackson. TV, our preferred communicator, is face-size after all. The human countenance has become a pictogram for ideas and positions. This will trivialize, of course. But, more than that, it confuses: person and idea slop over into each other.

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A bad philosophy (socialism, say) is imbued with the positive—though irrelevant—personal worth of its advocate (Norman Thomas, say). And vice versa: Spiro Agnew. Furthermore, the man-as-synecdoche habit freezes personality. Change is inconvenient. We haven't sufficient attention span to comprehend a conversion or any sort of serious growth. Character becomes mere *image*.

Against this inertial drift is posed The Fan. Fan and groupie denote that radical part of an audience that will refuse to accept star image at face value. As I have said here before, audiences today are disenchanted with their traditional passive role. Children perform alongside, they even upstage, the *Rocky Horror Show* movie. Rock-concert crowds co-star at Woodstock and Altamont: they fight for camera time with Mick Jagger. A disco dancer, Saturday-night feverish, will dress himself up and compete against the music. At the extreme, Fan Hinckley shoots Star Reagan to impress Star Foster. Love-hate ambivalence is inherent: a great deal of anger accompanies fan worship. The Fan has become truculent. He penetrates image—either by tearing away a piece of costume or by appearing where the façade is vulnerable (backstage, at home). Fans want their own renown, that quarter hour promised us all by Warhol, even if they have to attain it through vulgar rape.

And Galella is the quintessential Fan. He'll memorize a star's license plate and tail him home. Then he'll stand outside all day in sub-zero weather. No terrorist is more implacable. You can feel his rage against celebrity. "They're frustrated people," he says. "They're too rich. I'm the worker. They don't know what it is to work." His crass photography dismantles the well-crafted image. He has shot them drunk and drug-worn and in an adulterous mood. He shoulders past to force the unrehearsed response. They grimace and hide and, at last, his sweetest triumph, they punch him in the mouth. When asked if he would like to be famous himself, Galella has said, simply, "I am."

He is an unhandsome avatar of their arrogance: a dark emanation from it. "They want to control the press," he insists. "They want to control their own image. I say, 'No, I want control.' I'm the artist, this is my medium. I'll photograph who I want." Fans demand their own star-turn now. They're insubordinate. It is as if Narcissus's reflection had risen from the pool to go look for an agent.

ERRATUM. In my column "The Black Sex War" (Sept. 26, 1986) I said that there were no men on the *Essence* magazine masthead. Terrie M. Williams, PR director there, has corrected me. Going by first-name evidence I count 23 men and 85 women. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Custer Mystery, by Charles G. du Bois (Upton, 193 pp., $35)

"THAT THE argument persists until today as to whether Custer was right or wrong," claimed the overconfident Custerphobe S. L. A. Marshall, suggested "only that people try to get their fun that way in lieu of something better to do." Yet as the books on the "boy general" and his admittedly minor last battle flow on, his unfashionable defenders still demand a hearing. The Episcopal priest Charles G. du Bois (whose wife once confessed to having "lost her husband at the Battle of the Little Bighorn") is best known for his 1954 pamphlet *Kick the Dead Lion*. Rather than condemn Lieutenant Colonel George A. Custer for attacking, or for dividing his command, this juicy polemic flayed Major Marcus Reno for disobeying orders and leading a "charge" *away* from the enemy, Captain Frederick Benteen for disloyal dawdling despite a last message to "be quick," and both men for not coming to Custer's aid. Du Bois's new *The Custer Mystery*, however, is not merely an indictment, but (despite an oddly small bibliography) another careful reconstruction of the Sioux-Cheyenne triumph. While pursuing chronology, historical background, and what ifs—rather than the bizarrely colorful Seventh Cavalry personalities that can help make the Little Bighorn story so fascinating to the casual reader—this slim volume is not aimed solely at those already bitten by the Custer bug, and it may also intrigue (or enrage) Indian partisans with its somewhat cold-hearted arguments demolishing any Sioux claims to Dakota's Black Hills. Du Bois's previous passion seems nearly spent; he now sees Reno as a victim of "panic" rather than a coward, and finds Benteen's conduct less subversive than baffling. But he can still sum up the debacle of 1876 with the words of Custer's friend and fellow Indian fighter, General Nelson A. Miles: "No commanding officer can win victories with seven-twelfths of his command remaining out of the engagement when within the sound of his rifle shots."

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THE HOSTAGES & THE MORAL QUESTION–I

NEW YORK, FEB. 10

IT IS ONCE again the season to talk about What to Do about Hostages, and delphic pronouncements on the subject from world leaders and pundits seem to be: Talk about them.

And say what?

Say that you mustn't deal with kidnappers because to do so would cause their victims to increase; and then, behind the scenes, proceed to deal with them.

It is, really, nothing more complicated than the law of supply and demand. If there is a demand in the West for the repatriation of a kidnapped American, the number of kidnapped Americans will increase. It is no more difficult than the phenomenon of heroin. If there is a demand for heroin, the heroin crop will increase. That there is a risk in growing heroin and in kidnapping Americans merely adds to their value. And straight talk about the problem is most fearfully complicated by oblique acts about the problem. Israel proudly insists that it does not deal with kidnappers, which is fine, except that in 1985 the Israelis did. President Reagan declaims in his State of the Union speech that the U.S. will not "yield to terrorist blackmail." He is absolutely right, leaving unanswered only the question: Why has he given in to terrorists?

It may be helpful here to seek a wider perspective than the confined one usually discussed, namely the hostage. It is that we don't really know how to deal with violence. And not knowing how to deal with violence has meant, among other things, not knowing how to punish violence. At the moment, for example, we are endeavoring to get West Germany to extradite one Mohammed Ali Hamadei, who helped hijack the TWA airliner to Beirut in June 1985, and the very first thing we need to do—before West Germany will even consider extradition—is to promise that we will not seek to execute Hamadei if found guilty. You see, West German laws frown on capital punishment. This doesn't mean merely that West Germany refuses to exercise capital punishment within its own borders, it means that West Germany will not cooperate with any state that does. So that an abstraction concerning policy toward convicted criminals ends up transcending the question of Western cooperation with respect to hostages. The United States has agreed not to ask for the death penalty against Hamadei—and that is a derivative mistake. If Kuwait would agree to execute its 17 convicted terrorists, many of the hostages taken during the last season or two would have been unmolested, the demand for their release remaining the reciprocal release by the Kuwaitis of the convicted 17.

So that we continue to shrink from forthright solutions to captured kidnappers, which is of course execution and better soon than late. Pakistan has yet to bring to trial the terrorists who immobilized the Pan Am plane four long months ago. Why? Not because Mr. Zia is incapable of direct action, as Ali Bhutto discovered some years ago, swinging in one of Mr. Zia's nooses. The recognition of justice delayed amounting to justice denied fuels the flames.

And then there is the matter of the general Western position toward terrorism. It is really quite confused. We begin by acknowledging that a terrorist who becomes a chief of state is transubstantiated. Although even Ben-Gurion denounced Menachem Begin as a terrorist in 1948, thirty years later he was an honored chief of state. We denounce Arafat for terrorism and absolutely refuse to meet with him. But suddenly Mr. Oliver Tambo, the head of the African National Congress, appears on the front pages with Secretary Shultz; and this a few days after Mr. Tambo, in answer to the question will he denounce terrorism in his own country, says: No. So that the godfather of necklacing disports with the American Secretary of State while we attempt to galvanize world sentiment against others who insist they are engaged in nothing substantially different from what Mr. Tambo wants. He wants political reforms in South Africa, and the Islamic Jihad wants political reforms in the Middle East, for instance, the abolition of Israel.

It is Lebanese hostages who have been making the news, the more so since poor Mr. Waite's efforts—he is reputed to have paid $2 million last November for the release of David Jacobsen—have resulted in increasing by nine the number of hostages during the month of his most intensive activity (at $2 million per hostage, the price is certainly right). The total number of hostages taken in Lebanon since 1984 comes to 89, 13 of them Americans. Mr. Reagan has taken the right first step in telling Americans their government cannot protect them in Lebanon and that they should come home. So much for the defensive posture. For the rest, we need a moral strategy. □

A STRATEGY FOR HOSTAGES–II

NEW YORK, FEB. 11

NO PHILOSOPHER, however eclectic his skills, could decide what is Western public policy concerning hostages. There are too many contradictory acts: pronouncements that we-will-never-deal with hostages, quickly undermined by continued dealings with hostages, for example.

We have much to learn from the Argentine experience a few years ago. It got so bad in Argentina when the Montoneros were engaging in acts of terrorism and hostage-taking that the ambassador from the United States needed a security guard of seventy people. Such was the strain of providing this protection that, by agreement with the government, the ambassador traveled only twice a week to his office downtown, staying cooped up within his guarded residence the balance of the time.

The three-man government, headed by General Videla, then proceeded in two directions. To American businesses it said simply: If you want your representatives to take the risk of doing business in Argentina, that is your business. But if they get kidnapped, do not expect us to ransom them. That is also your business.

And indeed that is what happened over a period of a year or two: U.S. business executives were captured, and ransom reputedly as high as $14 million was extracted from American business firms. There came a considerable reduction in American personnel doing work in Argentina, and simultaneously something else was happening: Terror, by the government, against its terrorists. We all now know that the three men who ran Argentina during those years acquiesced in kidnappings, torture, and executions of those suspected of conniving

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with the Montoneros. In due course, it was all over. The revolutionary terrorists were crushed, Americans began to return to work in Argentina, and the U.S. ambassador was free to promenade in the streets of the city. It was also necessary to have a trial of the leaders who crushed the rebellion, and they are in jail now.

We learn from the Argentine microcosm. How to apply its lessons?

1. Establish an anti-terrorist international Agency. Ideally it would have representatives from the United States, Canada, England, France, Italy, Spain, and West Germany.

2. The Agency, speaking for its constituent governments, would designate Prohibited Zones. It would begin with Lebanon. Any citizen of any constituent country traveling to Lebanon would be on his own. Any deals between kidnappers and kidnapped would be brokered through the individual himself and his family, or else the firm that sent him to Lebanon.

3. The Agency would organize and finance an anti-terrorist brigade of qualified specialists. Nothing huge in scale, but an efficient military and paramilitary unit. Its function would not be extractive, but punitive. It would not concern itself to rescue citizens who had wandered into the Prohibited Zones, but to discover and execute and direct offensive action against known terrorists and terrorist concentrations.

4. The Agency would post bounties for the delivery of corpses of condemned terrorists, or for proof that they had been killed. The Agency would not traffic in live terrorists—only dead terrorists would serve its purposes, namely the extinction of a species.

5. The Agency would recommend sanctions against countries within which Prohibited Zones were sheltered. In the case of Lebanon, for instance, appropriate forms of isolation. The objective would be the gradual economic asphyxiation, pending political sanitation, of the Prohibited Zones.

NOW THE operation of such an Agency raises constitutional problems, constitutional problems here defined as the kind of problems that did not impede the work of the Argentine triumvirate. But the existence of such an Agency as an international military body probably would give us the attenuation one would need to protect it from suits by the American Civil Liberties Union. It is important to remember the moral point, which is that military action is distinct from civil action, and that a great deal follows from this. A symbol of this is Mohammed Ali Hamadei, the cause of all the fuss in West Germany. We want him back to try him for killing our Navy diver during the TWA hijacking. We have made complicated promises to West Germany involving, among other things, our promise not to ask for his execution.

But these are distractions, extrinsic to the concerns of such an Agency as is here proposed. It wouldn't want Hamadei back in order to try him (the evidence against him is conclusive), it would simply wish him dead.

Can a country speak with two voices? Yes: It is doing so right now. The difference is that a new approach might work, and it might give us the moral satisfaction of gradually exterminating demonstrated enemies of civilized behavior. □

STRETCHING THE SYLLOGISM

NEW YORK, FEB. 14

THE TOURING VIPs are back from the Soviet Union, and they scattered to the Sunday morning network interrogations. Henry Kissinger gave his impressions, and expanded on them in a telephone call.

Yes (he said), what is going on in the Soviet Union is different from the gyrations of Khrushchev and Brezhnev. The new managers, in particular Gorbachev, are hard pressed by objective domestic conditions to engage in a measure of liberalization. And this, needless to say, we should all welcome, even as we have welcomed the strides toward freedom and the marketplace in China, however erratic. But it is also plain that the leaders in the Soviet Union somehow expect that the reward in the United States for Soviet domestic reforms should take the shape of changes in our defense posture.

This is of course, stated in that way, ridiculous. But it is nevertheless something that is going on, and the battlefield is the Strategic Defense Initiative.

The Soviets, of course, do not put it thus bluntly, but there is no questioning the long stretch they are giving to the syllogism that begins: The Soviet Union has released 42 political prisoners . . . Therefore the United States ought not to test its Space Shield technology.

It is worth it to take the pains to examine the impositions of the fallacy, because if we can force ourselves to espy the critically missing link, we free ourselves of its coils.

—The Soviet Union frees 42 political prisoners.

—This gesture is characteristic of a gradual change in Soviet emphasis.

—The liberal inclinations here and there evidenced are a part of what is likely to be the major reorientation by Gorbachev of Soviet policy.

—The United States has a unique opportunity to promote that reorientation. By making sensible compromises on SDI, we can deposit the equivalent of a large magnetic field, affecting the Soviet compass in the direction of peaceful co-existence.

—Our failure to do this would soon atrophy the Soviet inclination to reform, giving sustenance to the forces of reaction. And we would be back at it: another arms race, another step toward apocalypse.

Now Henry Kissinger is not opposed to encouraging the Soviet Union to reduce its military inventory. Does he object to a 50 per cent reduction in our nuclear arsenals? No, he says: provided that is not a part of a comprehensive package, one part of which requires us to abandon testing the Space Shield technology.

Dr. Kissinger makes an all-important point, namely, that the mere suspension of our SDI program makes it hostage to Soviet designs. It is difficult to think of any hiatus we have ever agreed to that did not turn out to be permanent. The casual talk by President Reagan at Reykjavik to the effect of not deploying SDI for ten years has gradually been translated by the capitulationist camp into a promise not to test for ten years. The failure of Mr. Reagan to repeal ABM (Dr. Kissinger is neutral on the treaty's appeal, firm that it ought not to prevent us from going forward on the Space Shield) finds us now in a legal argument over its exact meaning, and we have Senator Nunn, of all people, threatening the White House with a constitutional confrontation if we interpret it in such a way as the legal counsel of the State Department and the history of the negotiations suggest.

Mr. Reagan could three years ago almost unnoticed have declared that the ABM Treaty is no longer a utilitarian instrument of arms control. Now, any maneuver involving the ABM Treaty is a bone of congressional and press contention. And the implicit reasoning of those who oppose SDI is, really, a reliance on that syllogism-on-the-rack, namely, that we must not let the military-industrial complex act as an iron shield preventing the little seeds of reason from fertilizing the Soviet mind.

The season is critical. If a warden finds very convincing evidence that an inmate's appetite for aggression has sharply reduced, he may recommend sending him to a prison with reduced security. Or, he may even recommend his parole. Henry Kissinger is prepared to consider hypothetical directions in which the Soviet Union may move. But he can't see that anything we have observed happening in the Soviet Union has reduced in any way its offensive potential. And the best and the brightest idea of the nuclear age is: defense against nuclear weapons. It is not surprising that the Soviet Union should argue against the development of our shield. It is sad, and appalling, that bright and liberal Americans should argue against the development of our shield. □

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Miscellaneous

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Mario Cuomo may have one on his car — 70 146 106 17 111 31 47 60

B. Last name in chain stores — 91 32 8 104 123 22 42 63 141

C. Naval wear with ap-PEAL! (hyph.) — 137 4 126 118 72 128 37 120 90 14 / 48

D. Necessary — 132 12 94 65 75 23 41 54

E. Nineteenth-century French privateer — 27 86 130 57 49 102 5

F. Had Atlas turned to crime, he may have been this — 87 2 124 110 16 135 59 140 25 36

G. Duration — 119 30 51 109 89 71

H. On terra firma — 103 18 56 99 40 142

I. County in northeast England — 108 116 96 1 121 78 43 21 85 33 / 53 11 62 147

J. Lacking confidence — 127 15 81 34 107 24 92 67 55

K. Bid — 145 114 20 44 125

L. Ill-famed — 136 39 88 113 26 105 77 9 58

M. Book reviewer's note — 117 97 38 83 133 52 6 69 112 29

N. Descriptive of Ma Barker? — 84 35 115 144 122 3 46 61 73 13

O. Ballpark boners — 95 66 138 50 76 10

P. Santa's landing strip — 74 139 19 129

Q. Mid East trouble spot — 64 143 100 79

R. Prize — 98 134 68 82 28 93 7

S. Writes further — 131 80 45 101

1 I	2 F	3 N	4 C	5 E		6 M	7 R	8 B	9 L	10 O	11 I	12 D	13 N		14 C	15 J	16 F
17 A	18 H		19 P	20 K		21 I	22 B	23 D	24 J	25 F	26 L		27 E	28 R	29 M	30 G	
31 A	32 B	33 I		34 J	35 N	36 F	37 C		38 M	39 L	40 H		41 D	42 B	43 I	44 K	45 S
	46 N	47 A	48 C	49 E		50 O	51 G		52 M	53 I	54 D		55 J	56 H	57 E	58 L	
59 F	60 A	61 N	62 I	63 B	64 Q	65 D	66 O		67 J	68 R	69 M	70 A	71 G	72 C	73 N	74 P	75 D
76 O	77 L	78 I	79 Q	80 S		81 J	82 R	83 M	84 N		85 I	86 E	87 F	88 L		89 G	90 C
	91 B	92 J	93 R	94 D	95 O	96 I	97 M		98 R	99 H	100Q	101S	102E		103H		104B
105L	106A	107J	108I	109G		110F	111A	112M	113L	114K		115N	116I		117M	118C	119G
	120C	121I	122N		123B	124F	125K	126C	127J		128C	129P		130E	131S	132D	133M
134R		135F	136L		137C	138O	139P	140F	141B	142H	143Q	144N	145K	146A	147I		

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring *each letter* of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 64 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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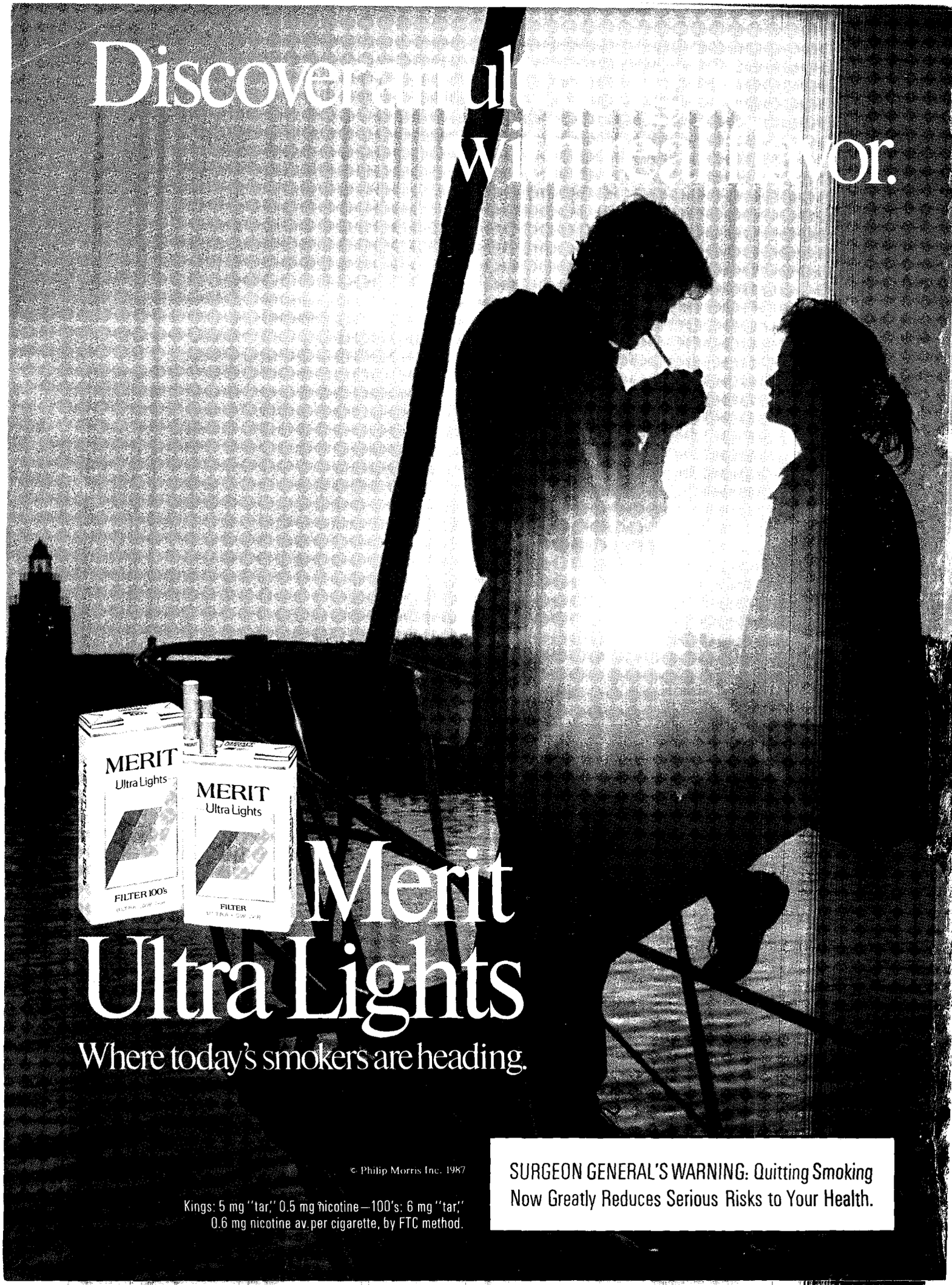

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